The Middlebury Campus

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Assistant Professor Sallie Sheldon surfaces with a tiny answer in a veritable sea of problems.
(photo courtesy of The Boston Globe*)*

Biologist saves lakes from algae scourge

By Terry Chapman

If there ever were a pest control system that could lay claim to the description "all natural," Middlebury College Assistant Professor of Biology Sallie Sheldon, with the assistance of some of her students, may have indeed discovered one.

The pest in jeopardy here is an aquatic weed called Eurasian milfoil, which has, in the past decade become a nuisance in lakes all over North America.

The milfoil, it is believed, found its way to this continent from Europe at the turn of the century, and Sheldon commented that is has grown considerably since the sixties and that "it just overtook the continent in the eighties."

Sheldon, who has been working in this field for twelve years, described milfoil as an "extremely dense plant" which, she added, "may reduce fish spawning because it is so tough to nest in."

To give an idea of the density of the plant, Sheldon estimated that a six-inch square tuft of milfoil may have as many as fifty stems entwined in it. However, Sheldon pointed out that the milfoil is primarily a cosmetic threat and a hindrance to recreation, particularily powerboating.

The hero of the story is a small but distinguished panel of organisms comprised of two caterpillars and one weevil, all of which populate lakes in the area to varying degrees. One caterpillar is ubiquitous while Sheldon describes the other as "sporadic," and the weevil is the rarest with only two known sites of activity.

Sheldon, who wrote her PhD dissertation on freshwater herbivores, has linked these organisms to the sudden disappearance, or "crash" of the milfoil population this year in a Brownington, Vermont pond.

State officials called her after discovering that the remaining milfoil in Brownington was infested with herbivores, or "plant-eaters."

It appears that these organisms have helped in the recovery of Brownington pond reducing it from "wall to wall milfoil in one bed" in two years, leaving behind "a healthy and diverse population of indigenous plant species," Sheldon said.

Sheldon's aim now is to look at all possible causes of the crash, noting that "there are many other hypotheses, and we have to look at all other possibilities." Sheldon said these could include the involvement of some pathogen which may have killed the plant or weakened it sufficiently to open the way for the leaf-eating herbivores to devour it.

In addition, it is not completely clear which single organism or combination of the three organisms is mostly responsible, although Sheldon concedes that "the weevil may be the most important."

She has been conducting feeding

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Princeton prof. resigns after charges of sexual harrassment

By Wendy Bagwell

A year after being suspended for an "improper sexual approach," towards a male graduate student, Princeton University English professor Thomas McFarland has officially resigned. McFarland, a world-renowned scholar of Romantic literature, was scheduled to resume teaching this fall, but after at least one member of the department resigned in protest, he opted instead for an "early retirement package" purported to be eight years of his annual salary.

For months the story of McFarland's allegedly violent assault on the 24-year-old after a departmental cocktail party in September 1988 remained under wraps. However, in an interview this week, John Young, editor of The Daily Princetonian, said the story gained momentum "only after the quitting of renowned faculty."

Initially it was said that four English Department members would be resigning due to the announced return of McFarland, but it eventually became clear that only one professor, Margaret Doody, had explicitly cited the situation as motivation for her resignation. In response to the administration's handling of the affair, one senior member of the English Department is quoted in the July 17 *New York* magazine as saying that it "should have been made public" and was a "very serious event."

The professor added, "I think they thought they could keep it quiet, but they couldn't."

A member of the Princeton faculty for eleven years, McFarland possessed a resume studded with Guggenheims, a Fulbright, visiting fellowships to Oxford, and the Murray Professorship, an endowed chair. The 62-year-old scholar was born and raised in Birmingham, Alabama. After undergraduate work at Harvard and a Ph.D. at Yale, he entered academia, eventually becoming a highly regarded authority on Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and among the most published scholars in his field.

According to the *New York* magazine story, the McFarland episode occurred at a "most unpropitious time in Princeton's history," a time in which the university, like many other private liberal arts institutions, was reeling from financial cutbacks and raises and the resulting faculty dissatisfaction. The campus has also been shaken in recent years by a number of sexual harassment cases, allegedly committed against women students. But, as the magazine points out, "all of this is no more than the troubles now afflicting campuses all across

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Vermont Focus:

Middlebury town school budget passes amidst heated debate

By Amy Hillier

(first of a two part series)

The passing of the Middlebury Union High School budget on an unprecedented fifth vote on September 12 marked the end of a struggle that began last March. Voters finally approved a $6,698,728 budget, increased 9.7 percent from last year, by a margin of 1,952 to 1,460. The School Board's original request called for a 15.9 percent increase. Because of the cuts, one guidance counselor position and several teacher's aide positions have gone unfilled. A one-year health program for ninth graders was also surrendered after the third round of voting.

Such problems with funding seem exceptional in a college community where the majority of professors send their children to public school. Middlebury is not the exception but part of a larger, state-wide dilemma over school budgets.

The college's interest in this issue stems primarily from faculty and staff members who, acting in their capacity as concerned citizens and parents with a particular interest in education, have been actively involved.

"When you look at education in the town," Rick Dalton, Director of Enrollment Planning said, "you're going to find, I think, the influence of the college."

A huge part of the college population is directly associated with the Middlebury High School and School Board through their children, spouses or through their involvement as citizens in the community he said.

Marianne Dalton, a teacher at the High School, credits the college with providing a lot of "moral and real support."

The college's involvement with the High School is very tangible. In addition to the faculty and staff members, who are involved in local education, there are fourteen college students who came directly from the High School.

"We are very clearly affected by the quality of education in the High School," said Mr. Dalton.

"Middlebury, as a leading educational institute, is very concerned with what is happening in high schools across the country," said Mr. Dalton.

Middlebury College pays property taxes to three towns in the school district—Middlebury, Ripton and Cornwall. This establishes a financial link with the issue. The college is one of the town's biggest taxpayers but because most of the buildings on campus are tax-free, that financial interest is very limited. (About a third of the money paid to the town of Middlebury is spent on the high school.) Taxes on other properties, such as the Snow Bowl in Hancock, benefit other school districts.

Middlebury's involvement and interest in the budget problem has not made it any less complex, however, and the College will not ultimately resolve the multi-faceted issue of paying for public schools.

Currently, the federal and state governments leave most of the responsibility for funding public education to local governments. Less than 20 percent of the school budget was paid for with state funds, Ginevan said. The seven towns comprising the school district and feeding into MUHS, including Shoreham, Bridport, Cornwall, Middlebury, Ripton, Salisbury and Weybridge,

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Curriculum Committee introduces revitalized Winter Term

By Randy Weiner

Despite recent controversy over Winter Term, faculty members and students have decided to continue it in a new format.

According to Chairman of the Curriculum Committee and Political Science Professor Eric Davis, a proposal made in the spring of 1988 called for the abolishment of Winter Term in favor of moving to a dual semester system. Both students and faculty examined this possibility and decided against is.

"In the 98 to 92 vote last spring the proposal was defeated," said Davis, "What resulted was the so-called 'revitalized Winter Term', which will be put into effect next year."

The "revitalized Winter Term" is composed of two significant changes. Class time and the system of class assignment were reassessed and then altered.

"First, Winter Term classes will now meet for eight hours a week instead of six hours," said Davis, "Second, class assignment will no longer start with seniors and move down to the freshmen."

Next winter, sophomores will choose classes first, followed by the freshmen, seniors and juniors. For this year, however, the priority grouping will be juniors, sophomores, freshmen and then seniors.

"The reason for waiting a year to implement the changes is that the class of 1991 would have the last draw for the second time," said Davis "The faculty felt this to be unfair."

In addition to these revisions, the number of classes usually offered for Winter Term will be increased. Ap-

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College Shorts

By Andrew Friendly

Seven Williams Students Arrested

Williamstown Police arrested seven students for possession of marijuana. One of the students was also charged with breaking and entering, larceny, possession of stolen property and wanton destruction of property.

The police arrested Tim Moore '90 during a stakeout of a house owned by the college that had been broken into twice before. The police then went to Moore's room to search for evidence of other thefts that he may have committed. When the police entered Moore's room they found six other students smoking marijuana. All were charged with posession of a class D substance, a misdemeanor in Massachusetts. Also found in Moore's room were empty liquor bottles apparently stolen from the house and two crowbars, a pair of pliers and a chisel that were allegedly used during the break-in.

Woman Sues Baylor Over Policy on Pregnancy

Baylor University, the alma mater of Middlebury College President Olin Robison, is currently the defendant in a lawsuit brought against the school by a former student.

Dawn Bonner, has sued Batlor, in Waco, Texas, claiming that she was forced to withdraw because she was pregnant, single, and black. She left two years ago when university officials told her that Bayor had an "unwritten policy" that required unmarried, pregnant students to leave.

Baylor is run by the Baptist General Convention of Texas. A Baylor official said that the university has a written policy requiring students to conduct themselves "in accordance with Christian principles as perceived by Texas Baptists." Baptists believe that pregnancy outside of marriage to be a violation of those principles, but Baylor does not specifically forbid it.

The Dallas Civil Liberties Union filed the case on behalf of Bonner claiming that Baylor violated her constitutional rights.

Former President Gets Ten Years in Prision

Leon Hibbs, the ex-president of Southeastern Oklahoma State University, was sentenced to ten years in prision and ordered to pay back more than $1 million to the school for defrauding the state and the institution's foundation of more than $3.4 million. He had served as the university's president for almost twenty years until he resigned in 1987 amid allegations of wrongdoing.

Hibbs had been convicted in July of nepotism and of giving hundreds of students scholarships by submitting false payroll claims to the state. He was also found guilty of using some of that money, including $39,000 for home furnishings, for personal use.

The federal district judge refused to grant Mr. Hibbs request for a sentence of community service because he had already "exploited" his opportunity to serve the public.

Sorority Moves After Racial Attack on House

Ten white members of the Lamda Kappa Sigma sorority at Temple University in Philadelphia were forced to move out of their house in a predominately black neighborhood after youths attacked the house.

The sorority was sponsoring a party with two fraternities when a white disc jockey who was attending the party got into an argument with a black man from the neighborhood. The disc jockey allegedly started the fight which was finally broken up by the Temple University Police.

After the police left, a group of youths from the neighborhood returned to the house where they broke windows and chopped down the front door with an ax. The students moved out the next day.

Harvard Law Students Protest Closing of Office

About 400 Harvard Law School students rallied and more than one thousand signed a petition to protest the closing of the public-interest career planning and placement office at the school.

The ten year old office was the first of its kind dedicated solely to public interest and government jobs for new lawyers. Students claim that without such an office they would have a much harder time finding jobs as public defenders and district attorneys because, unlike corporate law firms, such offices cannot afford to recruit students.

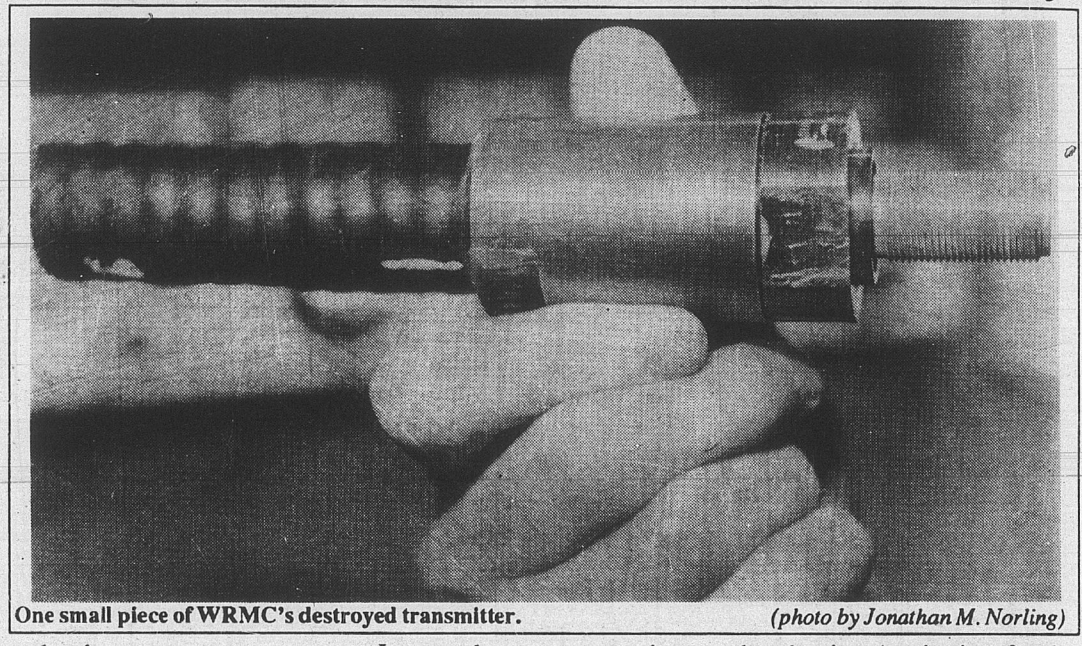
Dean of the Law School, Robert Clark said counseling would still be provided by the school's general counseling office. The students say they will protest indefinitely.

NEWS

WRMC wattage decreases; transmitter destroyed

By Andrew Friendly

The Middlebury College radio station, WRMC, was forced to stop broadcasting on Sunday, September 24 because of a problem with the cable that runs between the station's transmitter and antenna. It was later discovered that the transmitter was completely destroyed and must be replaced.



One small piece of WRMC's destroyed transmitter. *(photo by Jonathan M. Norling)*

The transmitter is located in a closet on the fifth floor of Gifford and the antenna is in the cupola on the top of that building. The part that connects the cable from the transmitter to the antenna was damaged in June by construction workers while they were renovating the dormitory.

According to Chip Hart '90, Program Director for WRMC, nobody told the construction workers not to move the antenna or cable during the renovation.

Hart went on to say that Larry Maier of Simmonds Precision Products in Vergennes, who is the professional engineer for WRMC, told the College that he would move the cable or antenna during the renovation if it proved necessary. He was never called.

When Hart returned to Middlebury at the end of June to run the station for the summer, he discovered the damage to the cable. The connection was temporarily repaired over the summer and the station was still able to operate but at greatly diminished power. Until WRMC went off the air last week, it was only broadcasting between five and twenty watts. Its normal wattage power is one hundred watts. Five watts is enough to cover the campus.

Mark Lieberfreund '90, the station manager, ordered a new part to fix the connection. When the new connector arrived and Larry Maier cut the cable to the antenna in order to replace it, he discovered that the part did not fit. The manufacturer then told Lieberfreund that WRMC's cable was obsolete and that they had not made that part for ten years.

Maier says that replacing the cable between the transmitter and antenna would entail tearing out the wood paneling in the brand new lounge on the sixth floor of Gifford. For that reason, Lieberfreund and Maier searched for a compatible connector to use with the old cable.

According to Lieberfreund, a part was found and the station planned to be back on the air by 9:00 pm Wednesday, October 4. It was then discovered that the part did not repair the transmitter and that it would have to be replaced completely.

"The damage will cost the school thousands of dollars." Lieberfreund said.

The station was able to begin broadcasting, just in time for the station's fortieth anniversary celebration during homecoming weekend. However, the wattage will remain reduced until a new transmitter is purchased.

The problems with the location of WRMC's transmitter this fall have only increased the desire of the station's staff to move both the transmitter and and antenna out of Gifford. Chip Hart says that Middlebury radio station WFAD has offered WRMC the use of their antenna on Chipman Hill if the college will allow WFAD to put up an antenna at the Snow Bowl. The administration has so far refused the offer.

By moving the antenna to Chipman Hill, Hart claims that WRMC's listening audience would double.

"We can get UVM's station in

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Staff council improves communication with administration

By Colin Leonard

In the spring of 1988, the Middlebury College Staff Council was formed as a response to increasing pressure for representation from employees of the college. The group was originally unrecognized by the administration of the college until a formal constitution was ratified.

Now in its second year, the Council is experiencing increased communication with the administrative community of the college, under the leadership Staff Council president Valerie Szymkowicz.

"The whole goal of the council is to provide staff at the College, that is, non-faculty, some voice in the affairs of the College," said Szymcowicz, "as well as a means to communicate effectively with different groups throughout the College community."

According to the Staff Council constitution, "the Middlebury Staff Council is made up of nine staff employees of Middlebury College and the Vice President for Administration, who is a non-voting member."

The staff of Middlebury College, which numbers approximately 800, is divided into seven groups. Six of the groups, are represented on the Council by one member, and one group, labelled General Staff has three representatives on the Council. Each of these representatives serves one three-year term.

The Staff Council is not a union, but Szymkowicz believes this works for the Council and does not undermine its strength.

"My personal perception is that an organization that is unionized does not put itself in an adversarial position," said Szymkowicz, "you're not having a third party negotiate for you who is not nearly as intimately involved, concerned or informed as the employees themselves."

The Council is in the midst of presenting new proposals to the administration. One recommendation which has gone on to the administration, according to Szymcowicz is to modify in the staff employee handbook "the policy on how the College handles problems and complaints among employees." However, this revision will not be included in the

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Editor Tim Etchells returns to *Middlebury Magazine* after three year respite

By Randy Weiner

After spending three years away from the *Middlebury Magazine*, one time Editor-in-Chief Tim Etchells '74 has returned to his former post with renewed energy.

"When I left after serving from September of 1982 to April of 1986, I felt that I would be moving into an ideal situation," Etchells said, "That, however, was not the case."

Etchells resigned from the magazine to join the editorial crew at the newly formed publication *Burlington Magazine*. Unfortunately, after seven months, the magazine was forced to fold.

"I went to work as Editor-in-Chief of *Ski Racing*, a magazine that comes out of Waitsfield, Vermont," Etchells commented, "The college magazine was a job I really enjoyed, though, so I decided to come back."

Etchells was able to return when *Middlebury Magazine*'s most recent editor, Edward C. Ernst, resigned when his wife received a job offer in Chicago. Now back in charge, Etchells has some thoughts for the publication, but does not plan to initiate any concrete ideas.

"I would like to stress that *Middlebury* is not just an alumni magazine," Etchells noted, "I hope to keep everyone informed, both on and off campus."

Etchells will be working with Debbie Hodge '60, who has been appointed to the new position of Associate Editor of the magazine. Dotty McCarty, the Class Notes editor, will help in publishing the quarterly magazine.

"Working for the magazine allows me to keep in touch with Middlebury and with the students," said Etchells. "After the work that Mr. Ernst did for Middlebury College, my main goal is to maintain the excellent precedent that he has set in his tenure as an editor here."

Student witnesses US -equipped attack in El Salvador

By Todd Chretien

(the second in a two-part series)

It was about 5:30 pm Sunday, July 16. We were some of the last people on campus at the University of El Salvador in San Salvador. René Antonio Cruz and I had just hung a banner in one of the Economics classrooms condemning the U.S. trained, equipped and advised Salvadoran Security Forces for the kidnaping and torture of thirteen University students in the first two weeks of July. Twenty minutes later, waiting for a bus with his girlfriend outside the gates of the University, René Antonio Cruz became July's fourteenth victim of the official government repression and terror against the students, faculty and staff of El Salvador's only public university.

Five or six heavily armed men in civilian dress jumped out of a pick-up truck with polarized windows and grabbed René. One jammed a gun into his stomach and another hit him with the butt of his gun while René's girlfriend screamed for help. The kidnapers dragged René into the back of the pick-up and sped off into the city. The next morning the Treasury Police (US trained storm-troopers) admitted to René's capture, but refused to disclose his location.

Later that same morning, as news of René's capture spread across campus, I watched the University community band together in an unqualified cry of anger and condemnation. Students, professors, administrators and workers all expressed their solidarity with René and the other members of the University community who had been captured, tortured or assassinated.

A press conference was called for later that day at which leaders from every sector of the University would speak. All day the campus public address system broadcast messages of support for René and advertised the press conference and rally to follow it. Many classes scheduled for the afternoon were canceled or unattended.

Whenever two people met their first words were, "Have you heard any new news about René?"

Along with a group of fourteen other American students, I made banners with our Salvadoran friends condemning the common disregard for basic human rights perpetrated by El Salvadoran's right wing ARENA Government.

There was an unspoken tension among the Salvadoran students. Each wondered if he or she was next on the hit-list. The Treasury Police try to force their victims to admit to false accusations of terrorist activities or to give the names of other "terrorists."

We all knew that René was being tortured while we worked. Everyone who is captured by the Treasury Police is tortured. Images of René lying naked, thumbs tied together with wire behind his back, bruised and bleeding from the beating he received, and suffocating under the Capucha hood haunted my thoughts each time I closed my eyes.

At 3:00 a crowd began to gather together to demonstrate their anger and demand René's and the other hostages' immediate and unconditional release. The crowd swelled to over one thousand. Students, faculty and staff took turns making speeches and leading chants condemning the new Death Squad ARENA government.

The military sent up helicopters to buzz the rally and let the students know that the strength of their popular support would not protect them in the face of the Army's U.S. supplied fire-power. The helicopters were so close that we could see the gunners and the individual barrels of the General Electric Volcan Cannon Gatling guns which are, incidentally, tested right here in Vermont.

As the crowd grew still bigger the organizers decided to call a march that would go outside the gates of the University. Since January the army has encircled the University and because of their threats and terror tactics the University community had not marched into the streets of San Salvador since the "elections" in March.

Today the University decided to disregard the consequences of opposing the military government. Feelings of defiance soon overtook the chronic sense of fear and dread enforced by the soldiers and their M-16's. We gathered together our banners and formed two single file lines and marched out the side gate of the University.

Of the roughly fifteen hundred people who took part in the rally, only about three hundred, fourteen United States college students among them, elected to march outside the gates. The blood-stained history of repression against student demonstrations in El Salvador is long, and many students, both those who chose to march and those who chose to remain within the relative safety of the University, had survived one or more brutal acts of repression against them and their compañeros.

Army helicopter hovers over student demonstration in El Salvador. *(photo by Todd Chretien)*

The plan was to march up around the wall of the University and then go back in through the main front gate, symbolically breaking the Army's military siege. But, the Army had a different plan in mind.

We gathered in front of the main gate and the three or four soldiers enforcing the campus encirclement were quickly joined by ten or fifteen more. They were heavily armed and ready for action. While we held our books in the air and chanted "These are our only arms," the Army gave the word to fire. The first few rounds flew over our heads. For myself and the other Americans, an M—16 at twenty feet fired in any direction was enough to send us ducking for cover.

But in El Salvador, students are used to automatic rifles being fired over their heads so the bulk of the student demonstrators held their ground and continued to chant. Seconds later, the soldiers lowered their M—16's and starting shooting people.

Most of the students ran back through the main gate to seek shelter from the rain of bullets on the campus, but the people I was with weren't so lucky. We were cut off from the gate by an intense round of gunfire and chased down the sidewalk by the soldiers. I remember expecting to feel the tear of a bullet at any moment.

I was so absolutely certain that they were going to shoot me that my only thought was, "Oh shit, I hope they shoot me in the leg or the arm. I won't die if they shoot me in the leg. Just don't shoot me in the back." For the first time in my life, being shot in

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"Most of the students ran back through the main gate to seek shelter from the rain of bullets on the campus. But the people I was with weren't so lucky. We were cut from the gate from an intense round of gunfire and chased down the sidewalk by the soldiers."

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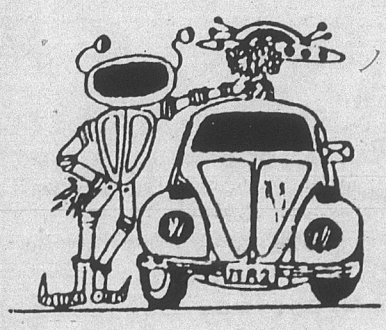

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Attack

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the shoulder at close range with an automatic rifle didn't seem like such a bad option.

Within thirty seconds of the initial gun fire, the soldiers were joined by reinforcements stationed at another gate of the University. These troops were running up the street towards us so we were left with no option other than to hit the dirt and hide under a row of parked cars. I lay there with another American student and two Salvadorans. The soldiers walked up and down the street and shot at any one who tried to move. About fifteen feet from where I lay, a student was stretched out flat on the tar with a bullet in his left arm and his chest. The students nearest him were pleading with the soldiers to stop shooting so that they could help him. The soldiers responded with more gunfire.

At approximately 5:45 pm, fifteen minutes after the initial shots, we were rounded up and marched at gunpoint with our hands over our heads back into the gates of the University. I took cover behind some bushes. Ten Salvadoran students picked up a banner demanding René's immediate release and symbolically blocked the gate of their University from the attacking military.

They chanted, "This is the U!" A traditional cry that means, "You can murder and kidnap us in the streets, but this is *our* university. Stay *off* it!" They were driven back into the University grounds by more gun-fire.

We got the word about this time that most of the students were taking refuge in the Law and Psychology buildings and that we should try to make our way towards them. I half crawled and half ran towards the Law building but detoured behind a large pile of cement when the first grenades began to fall. The ground trembled with every explosion and the noise was dizzying.

I stayed behind the cement until the helicopter came and started circling over our heads. For the second time in less than an hour I could see the gunner in the open door of the US attack helicopter and his Volcan Cannon, but this time it was pointed at the students who were running for shelter from the soldiers' M—16's and grenades.

During a lull in the shelling, I made my way to the Law building and joined over 1500 other students, staff and faculty. For the next hour the military shot up the campus and lobbed grenades towards the building. Around 7:30 pm I got word that one of the American students, Robert Drennen from New York, had been injured, but the Army wasn't allowing the Red Cross onto the campus to treat and evacuate the wounded. Around 8:00 pm the Red Cross finally negotiated the evacuation of the uninjured students along with the rest of the besieged University.

As we filed out of the building, someone started yelling, "El Pueblo Unido, Jamas Sera Vencido! [The people united, will never be defeated]"

Everyone instantly joined in and we began to scream it at the tops of our lungs. The Red Cross jumped in and begged everyone to be quiet because, unbeknownst to us, the Army had invaded the campus and were present in force just around the corner and such a blatant show of defiance might incite the soldiers into even more bloodshed.

We were marched hands over our heads in single file lines through a gauntlet of heavily armed combat troops who were all grinning and joking about how scared everyone looked. Some of the soldiers made crude comments to the women and the commanders told their men to look at our faces carefully so that they could recognize their enemy in the streets.

"Nearly one hundred civilians including at least four American citizens were kidnapped and tortured."

The most disquieting thing about the entire attack was the message the Army was broadcasting over a loudspeaker as we were evacuated which said, "The Army wants to work with the University. The University is for all the people of El Salvador and we want to help you protect it from the terrorists." This the same army that had just shot 9 students injured another 15 and spent nearly two hours shelling the campus. Orwellian is still the only word that I've found to describe the Army's account of what happened.

And Orwellian is still the only word I've found to describe the United States government's account of the Army's attack. The morning of July 18th at a hospital in San Salvador, Robert Drennen and myself were interrogated by the American Consul General to the United States Embassy in El Salvador. He informed us that despite what we had seen with our own eyes, the students were to blame for the attack and that the only people injured were two soldiers. We told him that was absolutely and without question a lie. He told me that I should get out of the country and later that day Robert Drennen's passport was voided by the Embassy.

Mitchell and Cohen, the two US Senators from Maine, my home state, have refused to act with any interest or conviction in investigating the attack. Senate Majority Leader Mitchell's office said that the senator is powerless in situations like this and besides, there are far too many human rights violations in El Salvador to follow up on all of them, even when they involve US citizens.

Senator Cohen's office maintains that there really are very few human rights violations in El Salvador and that the more than 1400 government or Death Squad assassinations since January are all "a propaganda ploy of the Leftists to distort US public sentiment." The United States State Department is now over seven weeks late in issuing a supposed follow-up report on the attack, but I suspect, if it ever surfaces at all, it will also absolve the Salvadoran military of all responsibility.

These are the hard facts. Since 1980 the United States has granted the government of El Salvador nearly $4 billion in military related aid. Since 1980 that government has slaughtered more than 70,000 civilians. Over 5,000 others have "disappeared."

Our government maintains that the best way to improve the human rights crisis in El Salvador is to give the people who carry out the abuses unlimited access to military hardware and training. Two weeks ago the Senate voted to send $90 million in strictly military aid for the second half of 1989 alone.

Within a week of the Senate's vote nearly one hundred civilians including at least 4 American citizens were kidnaped and tortured. Hundreds and now thousands of men, women and children have been murdered by the new ARENA government since it came to power in the spring. ARENA's wave of repression is growing more horrible every day. Three students were assassinated by the Salvadoran government's Death Squads in the past six weeks alone.

René Antonio Cruz is now at Qutzaltapecé prison, held as a political prisoner in a cell that would make Middlebury's smallest single feel spacious. The physical signs of his torture are beginning to fade, but life as a political prisoner in El Salvador is a life without sufficient food, without clean water, without health-care and without human rights. The government has yet to charge him with any offense and if history is correct, he may remain that way for years to come.

An article in the *Maine Times* which is a Maine congressional source, anonymously said that I was "a little carried away." Well, if nearly being killed by a Death Squad government's army that my own government supplies, trains and advises isn't enough to get "carried away" about, what the hell is?

PAINTER'S TAVERN
RESTAURANT

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* As featured in the "1989 TASTE OF VERMONT" culinary competition

Budget

(continued from page 1)

provide different portions of the funds for the High School based on town assessments. The towns raise their funds primarily through a local property tax. Vermont residents may be eligible for a refund from the State if this tax exceeds from 3.5 to 5 percent of one's household income.

The issue of property tax is far from new or unique to Vermont, but the potential problems are very apparent here. It is the emphasis on local property tax that has led many to question the tax structure and oppose the school budget.

Frank Cutler, a retired Bridport resident living off a limited income, has been involved in what he called "long, drawn-out campaign" in opposition to the proposed school budget. A strata of society, including the young as well as elderly, is struggling with the rising cost of living and is having difficulty paying high property taxes, he said.

"Taxes have just gone sky-high," Erica Wonnacott, Dean of Students Emerita said, "and that's a real worry for everyone, particularly people on limited incomes."

Peg Martin, State Representative from Middlebury, suggested that Vermont taxpayers are also feeling the repercussions from cuts in federal funds to education.

Ms. Dalton said that complaints at the local level may be reflective of larger frustrations concerning taxes.

"Education is one area they can control," she said, "and all citizens have the opportunity to express their concerns when voting for school budgets."

The tax structure, then, is the most common concern in this issue. Those involved are not unanimously convinced that the quality of education offered by MUHS is being questioned, but education itself is also an issue. Cutler, who refers to those supportive of the budget attempts as the "School Gang" and those opposed to such an increase as the "Working Class," said that education is not the issue for the latter group.

"We have no complaints about the education of that school," he said. However, Cutler added, there are people who are not pleased with the quality of education offered by MUHS.

Ms. Dalton placed more emphasis on the issue of property taxes but considered the budget defeats to be a blow to the community's confidence in the education at MUHS.

Because local taxes make up most of the budget, it would be impossible to try to separate the issues of taxes and education. Support for education will be judged, to a degree, by a financial commitment.

(continued on page 17)

Staff Council update

(continued from page 2)

new edition of the handbook, which is due out soon, because of production deadlines.

The Council has also "strongly supported and written a recommendation to the President of the College suggesting that we create a new position at the college to attend to issues of risk management, hazards in the work place and around the college in general," said Szymcowicz.

Szymcowicz feels that the Staff Council has opened up new lines of communication between the staff and the administration.

"There wasn't any protocol for accessing the Vice President for the Administration [David Ginevan]," said Szymcowicz, "It's not that people couldn't knock on his door, or schedule an appointment with David Ginevan, but the protocol wasn't there and a lot of people didn't recognize that he was accessible and interested in staff issues. I think a lot of that has changed."

Szymcowicz went on to add, "It doesn't hurt that now I can walk around the campus and I can see the President [of the College] and have some sense of who he is and be able to have a conversation with him. That's a special privilege that I feel I've been able to achieve."

Princeton

(continued from page 1)

the nation." Princeton, however, according to a senior faculty member, "is used to such troubles coming in an attenuated form. It is a small university in a small town, with an enrollment of 6,100."

Biologist

(continued from page 1)

studies caterpillars in Lake George, New York, where caterpillars were discovered two years ago. Ultimately it is hoped that the Brownington situation can be recreated in other lakes, and hopefully the same phenomenon will occur.

Sheldon is on leave all academic year to pursue her studies more closely, and she hopes as well to gain funds from both state and national sources, citing the fact that this a national problem.

Lake Bomoseen, minutes south of Middlebury, has been the site of Sheldon's studies as well as some controversy over the way to deal with the milfoil problem. It is in this arena that Sheldon has encountered difficulty in persuading people to be patient and see if the "natural" solution can be implemented.

She observed that some of the residents seem to have a morbid fear of the weed and that they want it gone at all costs.

Consequently, there is much pressure on legislators from residents to fix the problem immediately, in ways which Sheldon and state scientists view as temporary and counterproductive.

These include herbicides, lowering the lake level, or "draw down," harvesting, and even the stocking of grass carp, a fish that will eat "absolutely everything" according to Sheldon. She also noted the difficulty in getting the fish out of the lake after the job is done.

Sheldon is hoping that the recent news coverage of her discovery will persuade people to side with the research process which may eventually lead to a long-term biological solution and an ecologically sound one as well.

Winter Term

(continued from page 1)

proximately ninety-nine courses were offered in the past, while under the new plan students will have one hundred and fifteen to choose from.

"There will be a 15 percent increase in Winter Term classes," said Davis, "In turn, this should increase the number of students who receive their first choice class."

Student reaction to the "revitalized" curriculum has been positive. Karen Hamad '91 believes that overall, the changes are for the better.

"The extra two hours can be nothing but good," said Hamad, "The professors are usually stressed trying to fit so much information into a short space of time."

Ray Strong '91 feels that more variety will make Winter term much better. Like Hamad, Strong sees the addition of two hours as improving contact between students and the faculty.

Jane Nettles '90 believes that the preservation of Winter Term is important to Middlebury life. Breaking up the school year, Winter Term is a welcome slow down to the otherwise intense academic life of the College.

"January would be very difficult to deal with in Vermont," said Nettles, "Winter Term allows for a break and prevents everyone from burning out."

WRMC

(continued from page 2)

Middlebury, but they can't tune us in," said Hart, "With an antenna on Chipman Hill we could broadcast to Burlington and beyond."

Lieberfreund tried to be positive in light of the situation, "The only benefit of this mess is that it has given us time to reorganize the station's record library."

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FEATURES

Line out:

Wounded by Social Critics

By John Hurst

Before you begin to read this column, or wrap your fish with it, or do whatever you plan to do with it, take a look through the pages of this publication. Chances are, you'll find at least one article espousing the weakness of Middlebury's social fabric. These voices may take the form of an anti-fraternity sort of thing—although that issue seems to be out of vogue these days. A favorite standby of late is the eternal minority awareness issue, on which, it seems, nearly everyone has an opinion, but nary a solution.

Fact: Middlebury has a highly homogeneous student population—the tragic truth. But truth quickly becomes platitude in the face of overstatement. Moreover, truth is often obvious, as is the case with Middlebury's lack of diversity. Now, many schools may be sitting ducks when it comes to criticism regarding admission practices, but old Midd ranks somewhere on the order of a 400 lb. nearsighted mallard with a broken wing and a lead weight tied to its foot. In other words, folks, tell us something we don't know.

I guess the reason I'm so vocal about this point is that those articles *wound* me. I feel the proverbial finger of judgmental journalism poking me in the side. "Hmmm," I say to myself, "It seems to be me they're talking about." Yes—I am a white, middle-class, skiing, heterosexual male. I apologize profusely for fitting the Middlebury mould. But, to loosely paraphrase Shakespeare, "Hath not a WASP hands? Hath not a WASP eyes? Hath not a WASP a name other than 'Biff?'" When I read those articles, I feel as if I've been branded with my stereotype, stuffed into a cardboard box, and shipped (postpaid, of course) to L.L. Bean.

Perhaps a first step toward solving the diversity problem should take place within the existing student body. If people would shed their smaller prejudices and drop their stereotype branding irons, the campus might open up a bit. Maybe, just maybe, the girl with the tie dye and Birkenstocks *doesn't* dose every weekend and commune with a field of daffodils; the guy with an earring in his right ear *doesn't* lack testosterone; the guy with the taped glasses and calculator *doesn't* still wear Toughskins and play with matchbox cars.

A second step would be lowering the price, but I believe that's been mentioned before.

In all seriousness, this matter is definitely a pressing issue. The admissions board, and the school as a whole, is caught in a vicious cycle. A potential applicant, a minority student, sees that the college population is homogeneous and closed, and is therefore turned off by what he/she sees at Midd. The student attends another school, and the college is left as homogeneous as ever. Something is going to have to break the cycle in order for things to even out.

But hey, wouldn't it be great to visit a school with hardly any Midd types. They could have "White, middle-class, heterosexual Awareness Week," with lectures and discussions on subjects like "Critical Issues in Outboard Yacht Maintenance." A gala reception would follow with a Perry Como cover band, and Cheez-whiz, mayonnaise, and Wonder Bread sandwiches. Simply splendid.

Vermont State Poet title shared by two

By Nancy Walker

Galway Kinnell and William Daniel Mundell unintentionally competed for possession of the title of Vermont State Poet.

Kinnell presently holds the official title. The four year post was bestowed upon him this summer after a five-member committee of the Council on the Arts searched for a successor to Robert Frost, who was named by the State Legislature in 1961 and retained the title after his death in 1963.

Last August, Vermonters quickly took the democratic process into their own hands, however, and 125 members of the Poetry Society of Vermont crowned 77-year-old Mundell Vermont's Poet Laureate.

The controversy surrounds a claim to the homeland. Kinnell, 62, a Samuel F.B. Morse Professor of Arts and Science at New York University, spends only six months each year in his Sheffield, Vt. home, not enough, feels the Poetry Society, to be a native. Mundell, on the other hand, is a fourth generation Vermonter and a lifetime resident of Newfane, Vt. Both poets' works largely concern their experiences in Vermont and their love of the land.

Ironically, the search for a new State Poet originated with Mundell in mind. In 1988, Representative Eugene Godt named him in a resolution, which passed in the House, but not in the Senate. The matter was then brought before the Council on the Arts, which formed a committee to investigate Vermont's literary scene. Representative Godt served on the committee, remaining staunchly in favor of Mundell, but was overruled.

Kinnell's work is certainly not without literary merit. He has published poetry since 1960 and produced prose works and translations. In 1982, his *Selected Poems* earned him a Pulitzer, as well as the American Book Award, which he shared with Charles Wright. His work is widely recognized, whereas Mundell's poetry and prose is best known in small literary circles.

Though Kinnell's visibility may have affected the committee's decision, it cannot determine the value of either poet's efforts. Kinnell's volumes are often handled by Houghton Mufflin, while Mundell's are published primarily by small, local companies, such as the Stephen Greene Press in Brattleboro.

William Mundell's early poetry was recognized in 1968 when he was honored with the Stephen Vincent Benet Narrative Poetry Award. His work is currently collected in five volumes, and has graced such luminaries as *Yankee* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. Committee members of the Council on the Arts believe Kinnell's ties to Vermont are strong enough to deserve the honor. In an interview with the New York Times Professor John Engels from the English department at Saint Michael's College voiced his approval of the decision:

"They were angry that Galway Kinnell wasn't born here and doesn't live here full time. Well, that describes Robert Frost perfectly. Kinnell has lived here, has breathed the air here...I felt it was especially important in this first appointment after Frost to find someone of equal stature. Kinnell was the only one who made any sense to me."

Miriam Herwig, president of the Poetry Society, felt that she and her colleagues should have been consulted in the matter, or asked to send delegates to the committee. The Poetry Society refuses to accept Kinnell as a true Vermonter, and stands firmly behind Mundell, she said.

The two artists have not been trapped in the politics that surround them. Rather, Kinnell and Mundell will give a reading together at the Brattleboro Museum on October 10th. Hoping to put any bad feelings behind them, they have decided to rise above the dispute and leave the squabbling over details to those who may still insist the title is the most important thing.

William Mundell
From *Another Range*

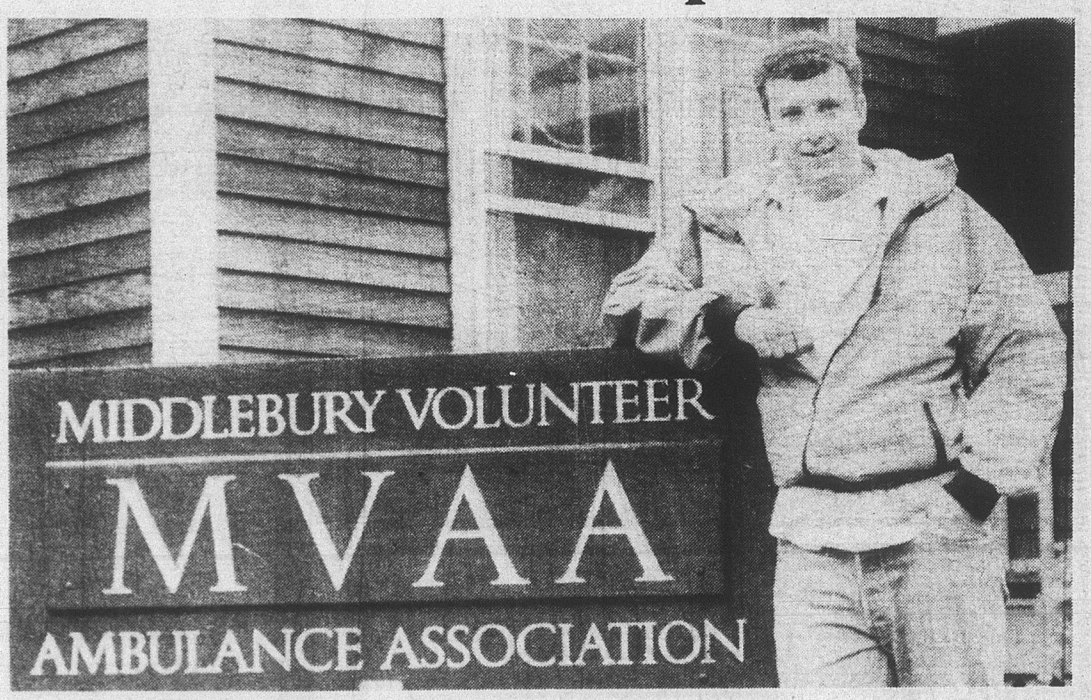
If you could hear
with a special ear
the range of insect speech
oh what a din,
what a daze you'd be in;
what things that range could teach:

The crickety, crotchety, grumpy bugs
shouting their woes in one voice,
the gossipy, hoppitylocust swarms
each singing the song of its choice.
What scandal, what scandal
the grapevine must handle,
what stories the fields must forget.
And the truth of the matter,
for all of the clatter,
you've heard but the least of it yet.

Galway Kinnell
From *For Robert Frost*

Once, walking in winter in Vermont,
In the snow, I followed a set of footprints
That aimed for the woods. At the verge
I could make out, "far in the pillared dark,"
An old creature in a huge, clumsy overcoat,
Lifting his great boots through the drifts,
Going as if to die among "those dark trees"
Of his own country, I watched him go.

Ambulance service protects community



Nick Goodman ready for a rescue.

Photo by Jon Norling

By Justin Keyes

The Middlebury Volunteer Ambulance Association is probably unknown to most Middlebury students, excepting those that have had a physical misfortune that has wound them up in the trusty hands of this organization.

The ambulance service is the only emergency medical service serving the Middlebury community, so considering the possibility of your future need for the service, it is advisable to read this article and find out about these lifesavers.

Boasting a staff of thirty men and women volunteers, the ambulance service is outfitted with three ambulances, including a heavy ambulance for highway accidents. Because of the limited ability of Porter Hospital to treat serious injuries, the ambulance crew frequently acts as a patient shuttle to Burlington's Medical Center Hospital of Vermont.

At MCHV, a Middlebury student might find himself beneath the scalpel of a UVM medical student. Even though the medical student is sterilized and generally prepped to operate, the Middlebury student, who is under the impression that everyone at UVM has followed the Dead for the better part of his life, might doubt the medical student is suited for such a pivotal position as the coordinator for the reorganization of inflicted body parts.

Actually, MCHV is one of the best hospitals in the country—students there are entirely respectable, and disinclined to prematurely amputate limbs in attrition over injuries to pride caused by the repeated loss of athletic contests to Panthers of all athletic persuasions over the past decade. In short, if you've got something as serious as a broken neck, to Burlington you will go, courtesy of the Middlebury ambulatory service.

Nick Goodman is the only Middlebury student who rides with the crew of thirty. According to him, the crew is made up of local people with various backgrounds. Goodman started last spring, and has enjoyed working with the others so much that he is putting in 140 hours of course time to achieve his Emergency Medical Technician license.

Goodman is particularly respectful of the willingness of the men and women he works with to dedicate such time and energy to work on the ambulance crew in addition to holding full time jobs. Of the kind of reward stemming from such service, Goodman said, "It's a good feeling, helping people out." This satisfaction that comes from helping others out is separate from the sense of excitement that might come from rushing to and from accidents, all the while aware that speed is of the essence. Both the excitement and the satisfaction draw in the kind of people that make riding with the ambulance crew rewarding to Goodman.

An ambulance crew member may encounter the sorrow that comes from the inevitable loss of life because no medical technician, not even a skilled one working for Middlebury, can save all the patients that end up in the ambulance, he said. Another possible reaction to such loss of life may be a sense of immor-

(continued on page 9)

Williams-Mystic Seaport Program challenges students

By Peter Saliba and Margie Butler

Day 5—Sometime before dawn, a gust of wind blew out the jib-topsail. I went forward with Deb and Dave to furl down the remnants onto the bow sprit. As we clipped our harnesses to the safety line and climbed out over the bow in a rolling sea, not to mention total darkness, one thought stood out in my mind: What the hell am I doing here?

Aside from John Zaccarro and its exorbitant tuition, Middlebury is best known for its foreign language curriculum. Concurrent with such a reputation is the excellent opportunity to study at one of Middlebury's six schools abroad. Students often return from these semesters abroad with a whole new perspective on Middlebury, and on life in general.

In addition, Middlebury, along with 20 other colleges, supports a unique school unmatched anywhere in the world. Its campus is located only four hours from Vermont at America's largest maritime history museum.

The Williams College-Mystic Seaport Program is designed for 21 students interested in studying America's maritime heritage. Located at the Mystic Seaport Museum on the Connecticut shore, the semester-long program offers a broad perspective of the ocean that includes, but transcends plankton distribution and tectonic theory.

Students from as many as fifteen different colleges immerse themselves in a curriculum that scrutinizes *Moby Dick,* evaluates the raving speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge, and assesses the political infrastructure that tries to regulate our oceans.

As far as academics go, the semester is as challenging as a term at Middlebury. But, the classroom instruction is only part of your maritime education at Williams-Mystic. By visiting such sites as a fishery cooperative, a natural gas supertanker or the U.S. Naval College, one attains an understanding of controversial issues in marine policy.

In addition, two afternoons each week are devoted to hands-on maritime skills with Mystic Seaport Museum staff members. These activities might include building/restoring wooden boats, learning to sail, celestial navigation, forging hardware in the blacksmith's shop, or taking part in sail sets on the whaling vessel, *Charles W. Morgan.* Any spare time may be spent in the Mystic River estuary or Fishers Island Sound on one of the four boats maintained by the program for student use.

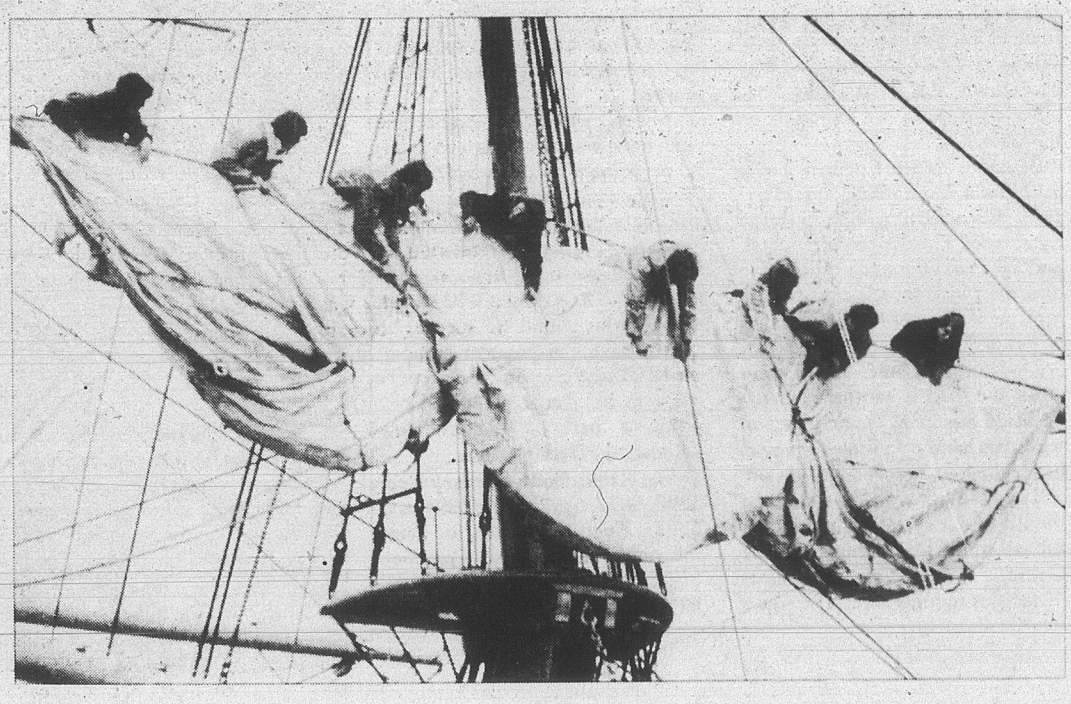
Life at Williams-Mystic is centered around one of four coed houses that are adjacent to the Seaport. Housing at least four and no more than seven students, each house functions as a self-contained living unit with the students responsible for their cooking and cleaning. This arrangement is one of the best parts of the program. Learning to live with three our four other people not only tests one's tolerance for different habits, but forges a strong bond between all members of the household.

Classroom instruction is only part of your maritime education at Williams-Mystic.

Another highlight of the program is the two-week research trip aboard a working top-sail schooner. Aboard either the SSV *Westward* or the SSV *Corwith Cramer*, students are divided into three watches. With the guidance of an experienced sailing crew and scientists the student watches are responsible for both the operation of the ship and conducting oceanographic research in the well-equipped on-deck laboratory.

Not only does the cruise present the opportunity to closely interact with peers and crew, it also requires work within each individual as one learns what "going to sea" is all about. This unforgettable experience brings the entire program together.

A member of the Williams-Mystic staff will be in Old Chapel for a short presentation on October 11 at 7:30 p.m. Please feel free to contact any of the alumni on campus either before or after the presentation. Williams-Mystic alumni include Peter Saliba, Joe Brown, Amanda Unger, Margie Butler, Allison Bramley, Ray Strong, Judith Wright, Tim Harkens.



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Introducing the all new Middlebury Dating Game

By Mickey Kelly

We all know that in some ways small colleges are just *too* small. Instead of having to wait until Proctor to find out who asked who downtown, the RHA's have decided its time to lay the cards on the table.

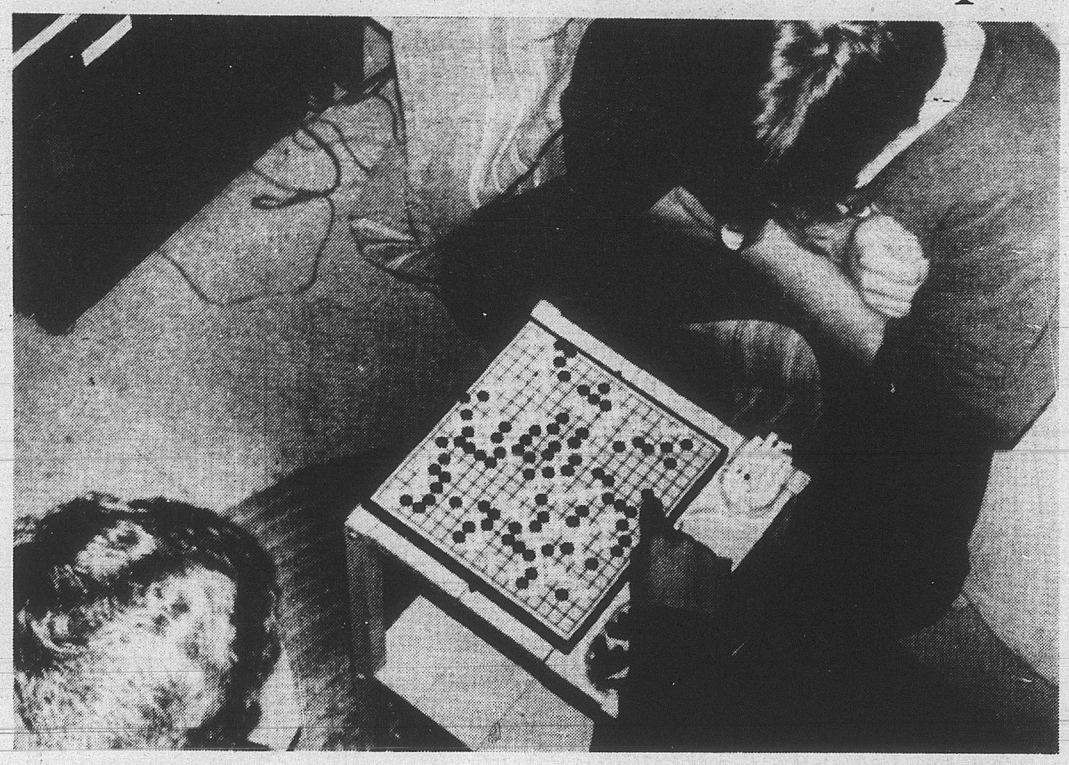
Memory doesn't permit me to give credit, but a friend once clarified the assertion that a large number of Middlebury graduates end up marrying each other. He told me (with great sincerity) the high percentage of Midd marriages is a result of how screwed up everyone becomes here. Somewhere down the road is another screwed up Midd graduate, the only person who can handle you as a spouse, hence the high percentage, he said.

The time has come to transcend the ills of our system. Introducing the all new Middlebury Dating Game. (Yes, you remember "Bachelor number one: If I was a bowl of ice cream, what flavor would I be and how would you top me?") The RHA's are offering interested participants and spectators an evening of fun—clever, tasteful humor.

We are looking for eight male and female contestants (16 total) to participate on stage in Dana on Wednesday, October 18. There will be a game show host, prizes including dinner at restaurants in town, and parting gifts to all contestants. The evening will be fun for all who attend, so please, be bold, brave and creative and call an RHA nearest you for an interview to be a contestant and become a part of the all new Middlebury Dating Game..

The RHA phone extensions are 5890, 5891, 5892, 5893, 5894, and 5895. Keep a look out for more informational posters. Come on Midd, after a decade of dullness, let's spice up undergraduate life!

Game of Go fares well on campus



An aerial view of the game of Go. *Photo by Scott Gillespie*

By Chris Piehler

The game of Go has made quite a pilgrimage prior to its appearance here at Middlebury.

It all began in China, 2356 B.C. A game was invented whose playing equipment and rules were the essence of simplicity.

In the game of Go one player is given 181 black stones and the other is given 180 white stones. The game board is a grid with 19 vertical lines and 19 horizontal lines in whose 361 intersections the game is played. The object is to place your stones on the grid so as to surround your opponent's. At the end of the game, your score is computed by the number of "men" you have captured minus the number you have lost. Simple, you say. Maybe boring. However, this couldn't be further from the truth about Go.

The game has been played for so long that an entire subculture has evolved around it. Ten million people play the game in China and Japan, and the professional players there are celebrities who play on circuits like our golfers or tennis players.

There is also a handicapping system (run officially in America by the American Go Association), so that a master can have an equal game with a beginner. When a player first begins playing, his handicap is 35 kyu (pronounced like the letter 'q').

It all began in China, 2356 B.C. A game was invented whose playing equipment and rules were the essence of simplicity.

This handicap means he is allowed to place 35 stones before his opponent's first move. As a player gets better, his number goes down. Expert players get to one kyu and then reach one dahn. The best possible rating is six dahn, meaning the master cedes six stones in addition to the normal handicap of his opponent.

Go has earned the distinction of being the "oldest continuously played board game in the world" according to Professor of Mathematics Peter Schumer (incidentally a 2 kyu player), who is teaching a Freshman Seminar about the game. Its longevity can perhaps be attributed to a certain duality of the game.

Go seems simple, and indeed the rules are easy to learn, but the fact that there are so many options on the board (361 places as opposed to 64 on a chess board) makes the game devilishly complex, (since no one could predict every move), Schumer said. It provides, "an amazing freedom of choice for the players," he said.

Thus, Schumer said, the game is not like simple Western games where the only goal is to win. Rather, the game requires, in addition to analytical skills, "an aesthetic side, a sense of shape, and a certain intuition as to what the outcome of a move will be."

Instead of the avarice and competition of traditional American games like Monopoly, games of Go should be "a collaboration as much as a competition," he said. The goal of Go, according to Schumer, should be "to win about half the games you play" and to "create a beautiful game."

The game requires, in addition to analytical skills, "an aesthetic side, a sense of shape, and a certain intuition as to what the outcome of a move will be."

The story of the introduction of this phenomenal game at Middlebury College is quite an interesting one. Schumer had played when he was in college, then took a sabbatical from the game when he came to Middlebury. Then he met Professor of English John Elder, a fellow Go enthusiast. The two realized that the combination of analysis, intuition, and history wrapped up in the game would make it perfectly suited to the interdisciplinary nature of the recently instituted Freshman Seminar program.

Elder and Schumer offered a course in Go during Winter Term in 1986. Schumer said it was "a rousing success." Presently the course is offered as a seminar, which divides its six hours a week equally between lectures about history and game methods of Go and actual playing of the game.

The seminar also has an interesting computer application. Because of the incredible number of possible moves in Go, no computer can yet play at the master level. Thus, by the end of the course, the students should be able to play as well as, if not better than, the rival machines.

Woodrow Wilson School of Public and International Affairs Princeton University

School of International and Public Affairs Columbia University

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Date: Wednesday, 11 October
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Place: Office of Career Counselling & Placement

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Landolphi entertains in "Hot, Sexy, Safer"

Landolphi "gets comfortable" with her audience. *Photo by Scott Gillespie*

By Sean Ferguson

On Tuesday, September 26th, an alum spoke in Dana Auditorium. Well...this wasn't just any alum, this was an educator. But I'd be willing to bet there was never a class that was quite so entertaining and quite so educational. In this age of AIDS awareness "overkill," there is at least one individual out there who cares about the concerns of college students, albeit in a slightly different manner.

You see...Suzi Landolphi and her "Hot, Sexy and Safer" road show were not just about AIDS prevention, not even close. Landolphi addressed the inability of some people to speak about...um...well...certain fluids connected with sex.

Her other topics included a demonstration in which she got a male partner, with his eyes closed, to do what she wanted. She talked about the myths of risk groups, the ways to get AIDS, and the way not to get AIDS.

Mixed in with all of this activity was an explanation on why men should not get drunk and use the bathroom.

She demonstrated how to unroll a condom, a little known skill I might add. She followed this by testing it's strength by putting it on a male volunteer's (by the way, I commend that individual) head in front of the auditorium.

She gave a final plea for the college community's help in fighting sexually transmitted diseases and concluded with an on stage demonstration of how to grind or "dirty dance."

"See...what we have here is a failure to communicate...," the frequented cliche goes. But Suzi Landolphi has dismissed this theory. She "got comfortable" and "opened up" in a room with people sitting in aisles and onstage. She took the medium of comedy and made a room laugh and understand. She taught an entire room how to prevent AIDS, how to enjoy sex more (a lot more in some cases, I'd imagine), but most of all she taught a room that communication is most important.

Communication between the sexes, communication between age groups and most importantly, communication with ones that we love—Suzi Landolphi got her point across. She made everyone in the room laugh (several times in fact), she brought the room close to tears, she brought the room together for a little while.

In this age of AIDS awareness "overkill," there is at least one individual out there who cares about the concerns of college students, albeit in a slightly different manor.

If you missed it, pray to the administration gods that she is asked back, the presentation was definitely an experience. She didn't come to preach, she "came to play" and boy did she. It was the best seminar that I've ever been to, of course, it was the largest also. Nice.

Crossword

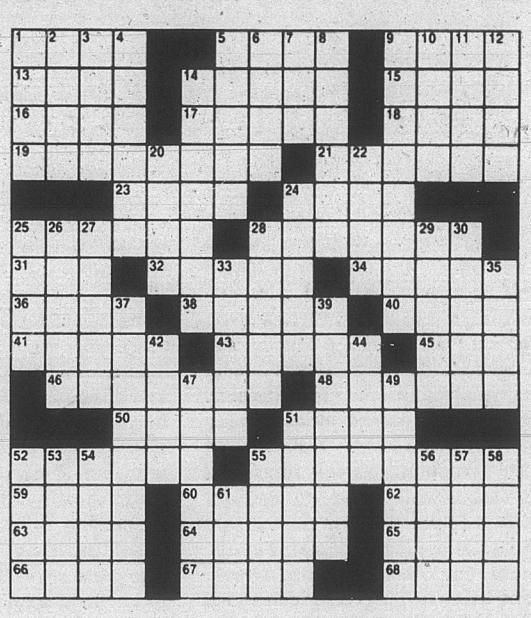
Edited by Eugene T. Maleska

ACROSS

1 Camel's-hair garments
5 Killer of Adonis
9 TV's "The Love ——"
13 Andrews or Wynter
14 W.W. I battle site
15 Pawnee's friend
16 "Thanks ——"
17 Make joyful
18 Marriage symbol
19 Matrimonial official
21 Armed ——
23 Prepares flax
24 Architect Saarinen
25 Temper
28 Scattered, as petals at a marriage
31 Vintage car
32 Earn
34 Antitoxin
36 Swiss river
38 Pave a road again
40 Las —— (12:00, in Spain)
41 June V.I.P.
43 Fundamental
45 Slump
46 Amble
48 Victoria Principal role
50 About: Abbr.
51 Radames's love
52 "I Love a ——"
55 June events
59 Revise
60 "—— to fetch —— of water"
62 Memorable Surrealist
63 Josip Broz
64 Lure
65 Hot place
66 Old or young follower
67 W. African group
68 Bogs

DOWN

1 The first lover
2 Romantic island
3 Juliet's word to her nurse
4 Silllographer's forte
5 Tree trunks
6 Persian poet who wrote about love
7 Bu. or pk.
8 Woman's double-breasted coat
9 "——, something blue"
10 Auricular
11 Top-notch
12 Young sheep
14 Pioneer
20 Part of a baseball
22 Stibnite and galena
24 Miss Kett et al.
25 Valentino role
26 Comes close
27 Water wheel
28 Shankar instrument
29 Shaped unevenly
30 Almost princely
33 Middle Ages instrument
35 Kind of cycle or phone
37 Horace Mann, e.g.
39 How the express travels
42 Camelot lady
44 Alan or Cheryl
47 Tire parts
49 —— honor (nuptials figure)
51 Vowel sequence
52 Fondles
53 Opposite of exit
54 Matrimony is one
55 Women soldiers
56 Church part
57 Small valley
58 Does wrong
61 Little, in Paris



ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE

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A	T	E			L	A	T	I	N		E	V	E	R
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			L	I	D		N	E	A	T		S	I	L
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T	E	N	S	E	R				T	E	I	L	S		

Ambulance

(continued from page 6)

tality. In the face of death, one human reaction might be a sense of invulnerability because you were selected above somebody else to carry on living, Goodman said.

Goodman places the sensation of death between the two extremes. When rescuing a patient he reminds himself "that you're working on a patient, just working on a patient...and you can't let it affect you, it's going to happen." This middle path so favorable to all aspects of life seems especially good advice for such a pressured situation as riding with the ambulance crew.

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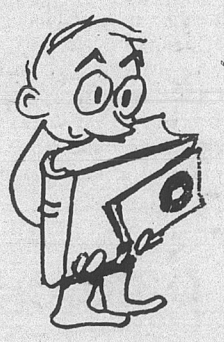

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ARTS

Jim Chappell presents diverse concert with unique artist

By Gavin Symes

Winding up a New England tour in Mead Chapel last Saturday evening Jim Chappell and his band brought a new style of entertainment to Middlebury. A rising star on the adult contemporary music scene, Chappell has released three albums thus far. His current album *Living The Northern Summer* makes use of flute, saxophone, oboe, strings, and percussion while Chappell provides the foundation for it all on acoustic piano. His earlier albums *Tender Ritual* and *Dusk* were strictly solo piano efforts. Jim gives credit to his native Michigan for the inspiration that led to his music as many of the songs are reflections upon nature and experiences of the artist's youth. The concert included selections from all three albums as well as a few other works.

"More lyrical and less lulling to the ear, Chappell's pieces seem to have bridged the gap between popular music and often hypnotic, undefined new age pieces."

Beginning with solo piano compositions, Chappell displayed his prowess on the instrument. With George Winston performing the same evening in Burlington, comparisons are inevitable; however, Jim Chappell can stand on his own. His pieces have the definite feel of new age, or contemporary music, but they possess a liveliness and definiteness that is elusive in much of the music of his genre. The simple swelling melodies that grow, repeat, and subside which are evident in most new age works were noticeable without being cliched. His music, moreover, has enough flair and diversity to prohibit its being defined exclusively as what Middlebury students often call "study music." This is instrumental music that doesn't have to be relegated to background music.

The pianist himself was quite warm, explaining the inspiration for each song and playing a few humorous musical snippets. Although the stories and expressions of emotion that Chappell frequently linked to his music may have seemed to some a bit too dramatic or corny, he did not dwell on them and his sincerity was evident. The intensity with which he performed, in fact, added greatly to the effectiveness of the music.

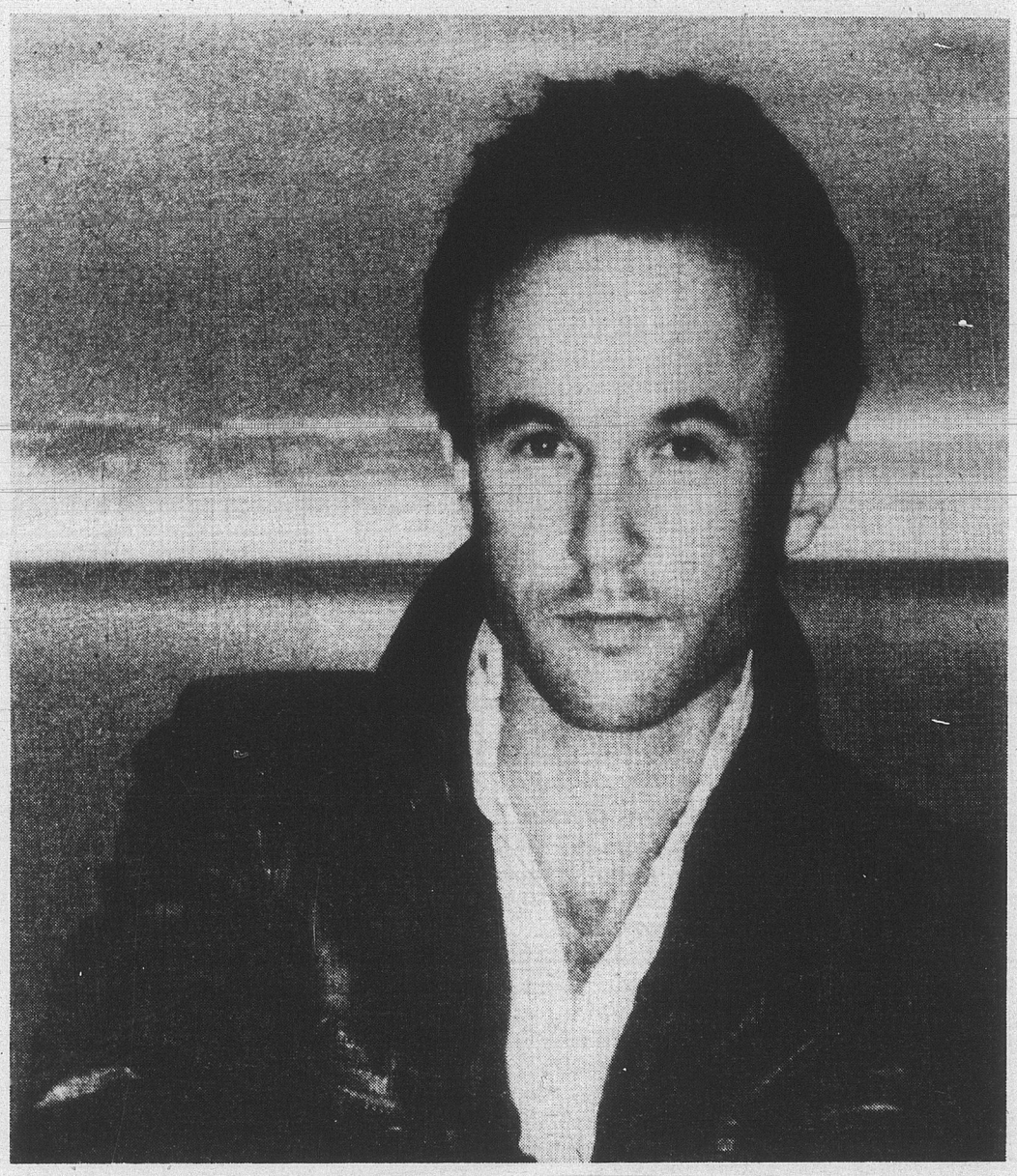
One particular highlight of the first solo piano set was an improvisational piece based upon a suggestion from a member of the audience. In response to Chappell's request, it was suggested that he attempt to capture the feeling of driving through Vermont mountains during foliage season. He proceeded to play a piece made all that much better by the knowledge that it was improvisational. Chappell explained that he drew upon his experience in providing instant music for dance choreographers in mastering the ability to create thematic pieces on demand.

Following a short intermission, Chappell took the stage with his band. Consisting of a reed player on alto and soprano saxophones and clarinet, an electric bass player, and a flautist the band did not exactly coincide with the string arrangements found on the later album. This second set was considerably different from the solo first half. Chappell provided a solid basis; however, great emphasis was given to his arrangements for the other instruments. Overall these works off *Living The Northern Summer* were extremely effective; however, the bass sometimes seemed in the more melodic selections to have too much of an edge that was slightly incongruous with the pieces. The flute had a seemingly deliberate airy tone that was quite pleasant with the exception of an occasional descent to a hiss at the close of a section. The reed payer was a highlight of the evening. His mastery of the saxophone was evident as it resounded through the chapel with a brilliant clarity.

These selections offered a full and very rich sound that held the audience rapt. The instruments tended to rise above the piano and then fade out revealing Chappell's solid background.

No review would be complete without drawing special attention to one particular song. Chappell introduced the song "Embrace of a Lifetime" by declaring that it was the most meaningful to him because it was written about time spent with his father who had recently suffered a severe stroke. Featuring a soaring saxophone part, the song was extremely powerful and conveyed the true emotion.

Although the two halves of the concert were quite different, they were equally effective and enjoyable. To generalize a bit, it seems safe to say that Chappell's songs are livelier and more diverse than what many typically think of as contemporary instrumental works. More lyrical and less lulling to the ear, Chappell's pieces seem to have bridged the elusive gap between popular music and often hypnotic, undefined new age pieces. For those who made it up to Burlington to see George Winston you may have been better served to wander over to Mead Chapel and enjoy the artistry of Jim Chappell.



Jim Chappell preformed both improvised and composed music in Mead Chapel.

Susan Marshall and Co. utilize dance in social contexts

By Eliza Wilson

Susan Marshall & Company, a dance company based in New York City, presented a dance performance in Wright Theater on Friday night September 29. The group of eight dancers performed five of their works for the program which had been changed at the last minute due to injuries.

Susan Marshall studied at the Julliard School and began choreographing in 1982. She has been performing since 1983 in New York theaters and dance spaces. In 1985 Marshall won a New York Dance and Performance Award for Outstanding Choreographic Achievement and she was also the recipient of the American Choreographer Award and the Brandeis University Creative Arts Award.

The selections in the Wright Theater performance were beautifully danced, and there was a wonderful joining of social context and sheer physical presence as the means of interpretation. There was an accessibility about the pieces which was both satisfying and disturbing to the viewer. Marshall's choreography frequently dealt with relationships between people on a physical and mental level.

The first piece entitled "Figures in Opposition" was danced by all members of the company who moved together through languid partnering and pass-offs as they all eventually came into contact with each other. The costumes were simple in black and purple with legs baring an almost 1930's leg line which added to the sophisticated and elegant appearance of the group as well as the array of body types. This is refreshing to see in an art where body image has had such a distorted history. Movement from standing to the floor repeated in almost a pedestrian way and was highlighted by images of the oppressor and the oppressed as bodies held up others or brought others down. The slow and sullen quality was juxtaposed with more vigorous and urgent movement often becoming desperate manipulations.

The second dance "Companion Pieces"contained a range from playful to frightening elements of relationships between men and women. It showed three different couples on the couch (perhaps a reference to the profession of psychiatry). It had a 50's feel to it due to the selection of music, as the couples intertwined in precarious and romantic ways.

The second section of this dance was most intriguing as what began with a playful and wrestling relationship turned into a violent partnership ending with an ambiguous feeling in the viewers mind about what was actually going on. There were laughs and snickers from the audience throughout the piece, but tension and a nervousness filled the air during the second section.

The third piece "Ward" was thought provoking, disturbing and heart wrenching all at the same time. Two dancers, one possibly a psychiatric patient and the other perhaps her guardian danced a beautiful duet filled with movement showing manipulation, hindrance, tenderness, trust, and abandonment.

The second section of "Ward" had the same dancers seated in two adjacent chairs. The woman previously the guardian became the handicapped and the previous ward became her aide. Perhaps this came from a passage of time or perhaps it was another situation entirely . The switch of independent and dependent person or the helpless and the helpful was very moving. Contorted movements with the hand as if the limb has a will of its own could be the actual physical malfunction, but it could also have been seen as alcoholism, drug abuse, or any mental disease.

In the third section the woman who was previously the ward is alone and possibly away from her situation. There was a strong sense of independence.

The fourth piece "Arms" was a duet where the dancers never moved their feet, moving only their arms. It could have been a reference to the situation of military weapons which are also stationary. The dance of arms was full of violent quirky movements and an almost awkward feeling as the two figures often found themselves tangled or caught in one another. The urgency was complemented by movements of tenderness as the arms reached and searched and at times found each other in stillness.

The last piece, "Arena," was not as mentally loaded as the others but showed the expertise and individual style of the dancers. Perhaps in a dance hall of the 40's the dancers moved in a dreamy and nonchalant sort of way as couples switched or ran from their partners. There were several selections of salsa music and macho and obsequious men hung on the women who frequently looked for the safety of another women for her dancing partner. The dance poked fun at the various stereotypes one can imagine at a social dance.

It was interesting to view dance which is so often delicate, graceful, and untouchable dealt with in a social context. Dance is not always understood as a vehicle for learning. Ms. Marshall is one of the unique artists who understands the power of communication in the mode of dance.

Drama program created for local fifth-graders

By Amy Stuart

Remember playing dress-up as a kid? Laboriously planning your Halloween costumes? Your big role in the sixth-grade play? For most of us, this was the extent of our drama career, but now a group of Middlebury children is getting the chance to dress up, be in the spotlight, and learn something about acting while they are at it.

Aimee Young, a freshman at Middlebury, and Connie Staats from the Mary Johnson Care Center in town are offering a six week drama class for fifth-grade students at the nearby Mary Hogan Elementary School. The program is co-sponsored by the elementary school, the day care center, and by the Middlebury Recreation Department.

About fifteen children will meet every Thursday afternoon for an hour and a half to learn acting techniques through art, music, and games. They may also have a chance to tour the college's Wright Theater.

Aimee discovered the position accidentally when looking into a job at the day care center. Because of her experience with drama and working with children, she was offered the job and took it enthusiastically. Her previous experience includes teaching a children's drama class and teaching drama, dance, and arts and crafts at a summer camp. She was also involved in acting in high school and will be participating in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* at Middlebury this fall.

Staats, now a teacher, was a children's drama major in college and also has experience with teaching drama classes.

This program, however, is a brand new idea to Middlebury and still very much in the works.

"I'm working on it!" laughed Staats when she picked up the phone, thinking I was Aimee Young.

The two will meet each Tuesday to plan their activities for the following Thursday's class. One of the themes will center around Halloween, with the children dressing up as monsters and witches. The session will end with a production in which the children will have the fun of performing to an audience, and their parents can see for themselves the result of what their kids have been talking about at the dinner table for six weeks.

"I think it's a very exciting concept," said Staats who thinks "it is important for kids to have alternatives" to sports in the afternoons, such as art, dance, and theater classes.

She is hoping that the idea will catch on and that other, similar programs will get started. Cornwall Elementary School is currently trying to initiate some and has even put a notice in the Middlebury weekly calendar looking for "volunteers to put on special activities after school or during recess."

Interest in the drama class so far has been excellent. In the first day alone, Young and Staats received ten responses. With this kind of support, the program could expand very quickly.

"It is the beginning of something," said Staats enthusiastically. "We don't know where it will go."

William Noble will talk on book-banning and censorship in America on Wednesday, October 11, at 7:30 p.m. in the Abernethy Room of Starr Library of Middlebury College. Noble, who is author of nine books, including *How to Live With Other People's Children* and *The Psychiatric Fix*, will have a book on the subject of his talk, *Bookbanning in America*, published in the Fall of 1990.

"The book will examine, " Noble commented, "the reasons why people and groups engage in these activities, and it will look at how and where these efforts have succeeded or failed."

In addition to his books, Noble has written numerous articles and short fiction for periodicals such as *Yankee*, *Adirondack Life*, and *Dance Magazine* among others. He has been an author-in-residence at the Ferrisburg School, a lecturer at the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, a staff member at the New England Young Writers' Conference and an instructor in Creative Writing at the Community College of Vermont.

Noble's talk is sponsored be the Friends of Middlebury College Library and is one of a series sponsored by the Friends this fall on the book, its past, its present, its future. The public is welcome.

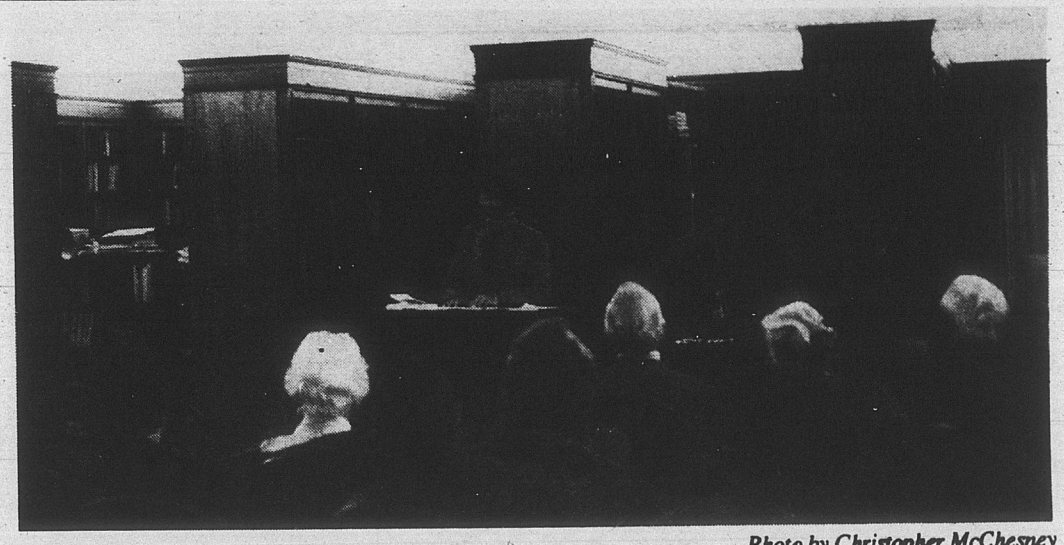


Photo by Christopher McChesney

Lyle Glazier spoke of personal experiences and the process of writing poetry.

Lyle Glazier reads his poetry

By Anna Smith

Lyle Glazier came to Middlebury College on Wednesday, September 27 to read from his poetry. Thirty people gathered in the Abernethy Room of Starr Library to hear his tales of growing up, the discovery of his history, and the retelling of his life. Glazier was able to capture the attention of the audience as soon as he began speaking.

He is a graduate of the college from the class of 1933 and said of Middlebury, "As I was approaching Middlebury in September sixty years ago, I thought it was paradise."

Glazier spoke of the moments of observation that a poet experiences when inspired to write. To him, it seemed, any small moment in the world that is worth noticing is also worth noting down. As he explained that poetry speaks to the listening ear, he stated, "To pay attention is poetry."

Glazier then went on to tell a story. It consisted of a series of three poems entitled, "The Shanty." It is a highly detailed account of his ancestors, yet it starts off with his childhood. Glazier read, "We were immersed in adult life, a rough life with tenderness, innocence, and experience. We were expected to survive."

The narrative then goes on to explain why Glazier was interested in discovering the history of his ancestors, and why, as part of his own being, it was important to him. He spoke of skipping stones as a child, and then vividly demonstrated this skill to the audience.

Lyle Glazier was not simply retelling a tale, he re-enacted it as he went along. The audience seemed to shift in their chairs at this point. He had spoken of paying attention, and now he was calling for it.

"The Shanty" continued with a story of Izubal Nye, who had married a forefather of Glazier. He admitted to discovering the romantic history of Izubal, who had been rumored to being an Indian. Again, Glazier seemed to attract the audience as he spoke of a love between man and woman that was not as simple as courting. Under the soft rhythms of the narrative, Glazier conveyed a very sensual image of life beyond what was expected. Glazier managed to conjure a lively image of a couple that had existed in a time that is now quite untouchable.

As he finished reading this section of "The Shanty," Glazier spoke of the problems he had encountered while then trying to complete the three part narrative.

He explained that after he had written about Izubal, under the pretense that she was an Indian girl, he later discovered that her birth certificate identified her as being of English heritage. Glazier spoke, "You write yourself into a corner, and you have to write yourself out again."

In the third part of "The Shanty" he wrote himself out of the corner. Glazier admitted that he wanted Izubal to be an Indian, for she fit into his narrative in this form, but as he described her in the third part, he discovered that she could be as important, mysterious, and genuine in any form she was taking.

Glazier concluded his reading by speaking of the rhythm of poetry and writing. He compared the rhythm to drawing breath, to a beating heart, for to him it is as, "elemental as sex."

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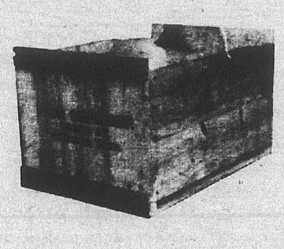

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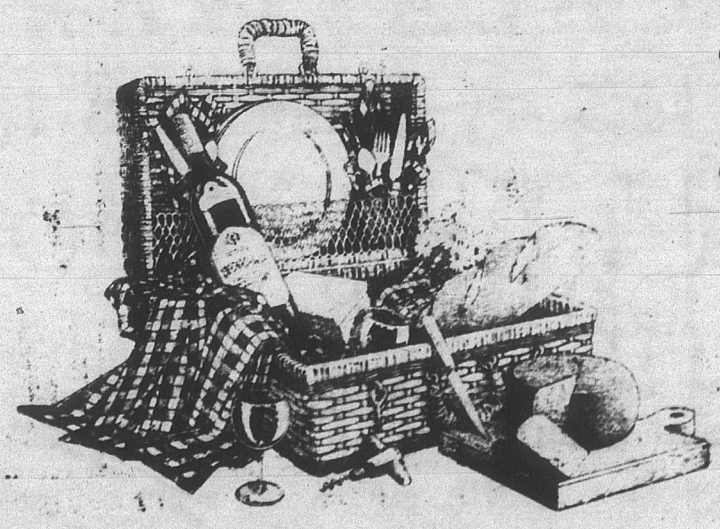

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Jimmy Cliff rocks Vermont audience

By Holly Marcum

For at least the past four years the performance of reggae legend Jimmy Cliff has been an annual affair in the Middlebury-Burlington area (he played Middlebury's Pepin Gym two years ago). Last Saturday brought Cliff to Burlington once again, with a rocking, floor-pulsing show in the cramped but intimate Memorial Auditorium.

Perhaps the most distinguishing characteristic of the Auditorium is its lack of floor seats. Scheduled to start at 8:00 p.m., the place was packed by 7:30 with everyone from high-school students to frat boys to post-hippies. Given the standing-room only status of the dance floor, combined with the youthful vitality of the crowd, the event was destined from the start to be a rocking event.

Cliff's warm-up band started promptly at 8:00. The yet unnamed band struck up a strong reggae beat and sustained it throughout their set of original songs. The lead singer, self-identified as Cee, had a voice typical of the Bob Marley school of reggae, and dreadlocks to match—three feet long—which animated like a cluster of snakes when he shook his head.

The band also featured a Middlebury graduate, Rick Wilson '85, bassist from the recently disbanded group Sundog, who provided the pulsing backbeat and Addison Independent reporter Steve Rosenfeld who kicked in on rhythm guitar.

A reggaeophilic friend and I were in the basement of the auditorium, where you had to stand in a roped off section of the room to drink beer, when the thunderous thumping of the crowd's feet signaled that the headliner had taken the stage. We rushed up to the balcony, where there was limited seating and elevated viewing. Cliff had just taken his position in center stage, bongo drums between his legs when he began an off-beat version of the well-known "Originator." The crowd swayed slowly to the bongos and Cliff's powerfully melodic wailing.

"Originator" segued into the classic "By the Rivers of Babylon," which must have been some sort of signal to the audience; thirty seconds into the song, a dense cloud of marijuana smoke hovered above the dance floor as those who knew the words sang along.

After the bongo introduction, Cliff was joined in full by Oneness, his seven piece back-up band. Cliff spent the rest of the evening proving that despite his progressing years, he maintains the stage presence, energy and talent that made him famous with the 1972 hit album *The Harder They Come*.

Not only are Cliff's voice and message still inspiring, but his verve became apparent through the night as he continually broke during solos, dancing, gesticulating, and encouraging musical intercourse among the audience. Gone was the synthopop and Springsteen covers which peppered Cliff's Middlebury performance. He stuck to roots reggae—the style felt from the deepest heart of Kingston.

Cliff dedicated a full set to the end of apartheid in South Africa. He altered his "Reggae Down Babylon" to play "Reggae Down Apartheid." Following a brief but well imitated Rub-a-Dub style tune, he painted a musical picture of oppression and the struggle to be free.

Towards the end of the show Cliff relinquished the stage for ten minutes while Oneness played one of their own songs. Seemingly inspired by Cliff's energetic dancing, two women jumped on stage and emulated with wild gesticulation. After being escorted away by security, about four more repeated the attempt and were successful for 30 seconds or so.

Worked into a frenzy by Oneness's tight style and piercing solos, the crowd nearly erupted when Cliff re-emerged to reclaim the show, with a hard pulsing, ecstatic finale of Cliff's most popular songs. In "Johnny Too Bad," "The Harder They Come," and "You Can Get It If You Really Want," Cliff added polish and character to his reggae classics, bringing them off as contemporary hits.

Through songs like "Treat the Youth Right," "Many Rivers to Cross," and "Nuclear War," Cliff brought reggae's central message home: Social consciousness and collaborative effort is the only way to solve the world's many problems. "I am not a politician," Cliff said, "I am a musician with a mission." The mission, for that night, seemed to be accomplished.

"...Cliff brought reggae's central message home: Social consciousness and collaborative effort is the only way to solve the world's many problems."

The Choice posing for a group photo during their trip. *Photo by Matt Longman*

The Choice treks across the country on a six week tour

By Allison Mintz

I had difficulty discerning the figure approaching me on the Proctor tennis courts two weeks ago. I squinted my eyes realizing this person was neither a student nor a professor, but an alumnus, Steve Warendorf, from the class of '89. His appearance had not changed in the past four months except for a haircut, a possible implication of job interviews and the real world ahead of him.

After greetings were exchanged, Warendorf briefly recounted to me the events of his summer. He spoke enthusiastically of the six weeks he spent traveling and touring the United States with other members of the Choice (for any Freshmen reading this article, the Choice was a band that formed in the fall of '85 and whose members performed for four years on campus until they graduated last May). Since a game of tennis with his sister, Mimi, was impending, Warendorf told me few details of his trip. I left the courts that day with thoughts of five guys roaming the country in a van that held their instruments, minimal amounts of food and clothing, and an ample supply of beer.

To satisfy my curiosity about their adventure, I talked later that week with Matt Longman ,'89, the bassist for the Choice and the RHA in Stewart. Sitting on the terrace outside of Stewart, Longman showed me a photo album that contained pictures of his summer adventures. As he went through each page, he spoke nostalgically about the members of the band, the sites they visited, and the random bars and nightclubs where they performed.

The players met at the Warendorf's home in Colts Neck, New Jersey. Including Longman and guitarist Warendorf, the band consisted of lead guitarist Gerry Dineen '89 and vocalist Michael Choi '89. Nepotism intervened as Steve's younger brother, Nick Warendorf '91, replaced drummer Andy Buonincontro '89, who was unable to tour with the group. Another '89 graduate, Adrian Easterbrook, also accompanied the band to help them endure the trials of an itinerant lifestyle.

Longman disclosed that Warendorf's determination was indispensable in the organization of their trip: "Steve really did all the planning for the tour. He was the one who persevered to set up the dates. Out of all the other members, Steve was the one who was most devoted to the band. Music was the one thing that motivated him to get out of bed in the morning."

On July tenth they departed for Virginia in a dilapidated 1977 Dodge van that they had purchased for $800. The vehicle was painted a bright blue color. The group wrote "The Choice" along the side of the van with orange spray paint. As their journey continued, the members adorned the back doors with bumper stickers from various landmarks and bars. Through the 11,000 mile trek, they encountered only flooded engines and flat tires.

From Virginia through Arkansas, the group played in local bars. Once they arrived in Texas, though, the randomness of their experiences intensified. Longman's pictures included shots of wax museums where he said they "absorbed the culture" and driving ranges that provided them with some exercise in between their performances and sight-seeing escapades. One photo caught my attention — Cadillac Ranch in Amarillo. This site, which Bruce Springsteen often alludes to in his songs, is a desert with Cadillacs planted into the sand like statues.

The trip continued into Wyoming where they braved a gig at the Quality Inn in Rawlins, a "penitentary town" as Longman called it. Longman described their bold performance as a true test of playing to appease the crowds: "Rawlins was a real road band place to play in. The people wanted to hear Poison, stuff we don't usually play. By the end of the night, though, they really liked us."

Fleeing from the demanding heavy metal admirers of Rawlins, the Choice faced a warmer reception in Jackson Hole. Because Michelle Dube '88 had sent invitations to local Middlebury graduates informing them of the band's arrival, the group played to a larger, friendlier crowd. They also took advantage of the accommodations that contrasted to sleepless nights in the van and meals in the twenty-four hour diners. Said Longman,"We stayed at a place called the Snow King Resort. Everything there was on the house for us including rooms that would normally cost $100 a night and a running bar tab."

The itinerant lifestyle persisted, though, as the band roamed through the western states. Their touring schedule was checkered with gigs in more obscure spots as well as visits to well-known landmarks, such as the Grand Canyon, Las Vegas, Reno, Yosemite, and Yellowstone National Park. The photos, which Longman calls "amok in America shots," reflected their haphazard outings: a night on the town in Las Vegas, a hike down to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, self-mocking band poses on the top of cliffs in Hurricane Valley.

The band finally ventured to California, the culmination of their journey. Driving along the coast from Los Angeles to San Francisco, they stopped to wander the beaches, ride the waves on surfboards, carouse in the bars, and sojourn with relatives.

The return east was interspersed with incidents of greater woe. Car troubles arose and Longman suffered a bike accident in Sun Valley, Idaho.

The tone of his accounts changed, though, when he spoke of The Who concert they attended at Boulder Stadium in Colorado. I remember Warendorf mentioning this concert during our conversation on the courts. After six weeks of incessant traveling and performing, they felt an understanding for the performers.

Returning to New Jersey, the van endured a sixty hour drive. The members then went their separate ways, leaving behind six weeks of constant comraderie. Longman observed how life on the road had strengthened his friendships with the other members: "None of us had ever been out west before. This was a real eye-opening experience for us. At school we all had our own lives and schedules, but when you live in a van, you learn everything about each other. By the end of the trip, there were no secrets among us."

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VERMONT HAPPENINGS

By Lisa Horowitz

Fri. October 6

The American Movie Club: *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m., Dana Auditorium. $1.50 with I.D., $2.50 without I.D.

The Flynn Theater presents Les Grandes Ballets Canadiens in "Coppelia," at 8:00 p.m. Ticket prices from $10.00 to $23.50. For more information call 863-5966.

Catamount Arts presents an evening with folk legend Gordon Lightfoot, 8:00 p.m. at Burlington's Memorial Auditorium. To purchase tickets call 86-Flynn or 748-2600.

Sat. October 7

College Street Film/Video Series: *Program of T.V. by Jean-Luc Godard and Soft and Hard*, Twilight Auditorium.

Winter Carnival film: *Spellbound*, 7:00 & 9:30 p.m., Dana Auditorium. $1.50 with I.D., $2.50 without I.D.

MCAB and the Student Alumni Association sponsor a Homecoming Dance. Admission $2.00 with I.D. and $3.00 without I.D.

The Four Legged Duck in South Royalton presents Brewer and Shipley in Concert at 9:00 p.m. Admission is $7.50.

Greater Burlington Performing Arts Council presents J. Verret on oboe and D. Cooper on piano in concert at the University of Vermont Recital hall. 8:00 p.m. and the concert is free. For information call 656-3040.

Sun. October 8

Middlebury Film Society: *Old Yeller*, Dana Auditorium. 2:00 & 7:30 p.m. $1.50 with I.D. and $2.50 without I.D.

The Burlington Film Society: *The Battle of Algiers*, City Hall Auditorium, Burlington. 7:00 p.m. $4.00 general admission and $2.00 members.

Mon. October 9

Department of Theater, Dance and Film/Video: *Nun and Deviant, The Little Match, Girl Ballet, Female Sensibility, Underscan, I Want to Live in the Country Land (and Other Romances), Mitchell's Death, Why Would I Throw Eggs at You Liz?, Hey Baby Chickey, Vital Statistics of a Citizen, Simply Abstained, Beaver Valley*, Twilight Auditorium.

Wed. October 11

Lane Film Series: *The Rocking Horse*, 7:30 p.m. Flemming Museum room 101 University of Vermont, Burlington. Admission $3.00. For more information call 656-4455.

The Four Legged Duck, South Royalton presents Bo Diddley in concert at 9:00 p.m. Admission is $15.00.

William Noble speaks on book-banning and censorship in America. 7:30 p.m. the Abernethy Room, Starr Library.

Thurs. October 12

Dartmouth College presents Dave Brubeck in concert at 8:30 p.m. Spaulding Auditorium, Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire. For more information call (603) 646-3991.

Fri. October 13

Contra dancing and pot luck supper at 7:30 p.m. Holley Hall, Main Street, Bristol. Call 758-2597 for more information.

Vermont Mozart Festival presents "The Baroque Trumpet" featuring the Metropolitan Opera's first trumpet Mark Gould. Tickets and information available at 862-7352.

Sat. October 14

The Wailers will play a benefit concert at Burlington's Memorial Auditorium. Doors open at 7:30 p.m. Tickets $15.00, for information call 86-Flynn.

Sugar Cubes album creates confusion

By Shawn Miller

The relationship between a record reviewer and his or her readers is a precarious one. The reader basically allows his tastes and good values to be dictated by a total stranger; someone who could, for all anybody can tell, have as much insight into the world of music as a member of Menudo. The job of a reviewer is not necessarily to give a correct reading on the strengths or weaknesses of any particular piece, but to convince his readers that he knows what he's talking about. To do so, there are a few simple rules that any reviewer must follow: 1) Any project with even minimal participation from David Byrne, Peter Gabriel, or Randy Newman must be described as either "brilliant," "path breaking," or "powerful;" 2) Any album guaranteed to sell more than five million copies must have some redeeming qualities, even if it doesn't (see this month's *Rolling Stone* four star review of Janet Jackson); and 3) never, never, never, NEVER give a good review to a band who have at any time in their career been labelled "art rockers." If you stick to those guidelines, most people will think you to be a true music critic.

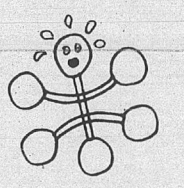
Which brings us to the latest work from Iceland's very own Sugar Cubes, *Here Today, Tomorrow Next Week*. If I wanted to, I could sit in my high chair and explain this album in minute detail, revealing the how fors and why sos, enlightening you, my readers, as to what each and every note and word of the disc means in a symbolic sense. And that would be my Editor-given duty, as record reviewer of *The Campus*. But my mother taught me to always tell the truth, unless it would cost me money, and since I don't get paid for doing this column, here goes. I do not understand this album; not the music, not the lyrics, not the song arrangement. Nothing.

As for the Sugar Cubes, you might remember that they were heavily promoted by their record company, Elektra, as the hot new alternative band of 1988. In a sense, the promotion worked, as the group was mentioned near the top of every "Best New Band" list from that year, and their debut *Life's Too Good* sold well enough to be designated a "college radio hit." The band even made it on to EmptyV. But overall, the Sugar Cubes hardly formed the basis for a meteoric rise to the top of the international charts. The album had zero impact on nationwide album oriented radio, and the masses seemed unwilling to accept the Cubes' brand of Icelandic pop on a large scale.

One might have expected the group to come up with something more accessible on their second offering, in order to broaden their fan base. But, if anything, *Here Today* is more eclectic than it's predecessor, which brings us back to my confusion. On *Life's Too Good* one could not understand the lyrics because lead singers Bjork Gudmundsottir (female) and Einar Orn (male) howled and growled the most muddled lyrics heard on college radio since the pre-"Fall on Me" days of R.E.M. On *Here Today*, Bjork and Einar sing with commendable diction, and I still can't understand what they are saying.

Let me give some examples of these out-of-this-world lyrics. In "Regina," Einar sings "Oh, Johnny/teeth and gums in my life/moon and sun in my life/lobster and shrimp in my life/I don't really like lobster." This stuff makes Robyn Hitchcock seem lucid. Not only are the lyrics bizarre, but the songs themselves run the gamut from mildly confusing to mind boggling. Bjork, who sounds like a female Bono on amphetamines, and Einar, who doesn't as much sing his lines as punish them, share the duties on each cut, usually playing separate characters. For example, on "Dream T.V.," Bjork sings the part of television ("I'm on my knees/ Down on all fours follows/ Antennae/Thrust out through my forehead") while Einar is an obsessive television viewer who frees himself by throwing his set out the window ("Tried to sleep again/Not a dream/Not again/But then remembered/ That all my dreams are nothing but the repetition of last week's television"). Whether or not this song is symbolic of a twisted relationship or a commentary on America's boob tube habits, or whatever, is not important; the manner in which the song is delivered is.

The Sugar Cubes



Here Today, Tomorrow Next Week!

Another area of discomfort is the fact that there are no good, old fashioned love songs on this album. I know I shouldn't say this, being a "serious critic," but, like all Americans, I've come to expect at least one love song on each and every album I buy. I don't care what form the song comes in, I can even accept "I Used To Love Her, But I Had To Kill Her." There are a few songs that could be love songs on *Here Today*, like "Pump," in which Bjork soothingly tells Einar "Drink me love/ Pour me in you/Devour me/ Drink me in large gulps," while Einar replies "I don't like you/ I hate you/ Your smug little smile makes me sick" in a tortured growl. But that's not love, that's deranged. Or maybe every song on the album is a love song, and I'm simply missing the connection.

As for the musical quality of the album, I can only say that it doesn't really matter (and besides, I do not feel like writing out the consonant dominated names of the other four members of the band). Whatever *Here Today* has to offer, whether "it" be brilliant or muddled, can be found in the dueling voices and the lyrics.

However, just because I don't understand the album does not mean I don't like it, in a confused sort of a way. I can only rationalize my confusion by telling myself that the Sugar Cubes' native tongue is some Scandinavian dialect in which the relationships between words are different than in English, and therefore the lyrics make perfect sense to all and any Icelanders. But I do not see how "Limousines, oranges, stars, moons, submarines, jeeps, glaciers, cars, caterpillars, even grapes," the first verse of "Eat the Menu," make much sense in any language. I still enjoy it, because it makes me think; I just don't understand it

Perhaps the final say on the matter of this album can be found in the opening line of "Planet," the last song of *Here Today*: "The universe is so big I feel dizzy when I think about it." Just as I can never comprehend the universe, I will never be able to comprehend this album, and since thinking about it for too long will make me dizzy, I should just enjoy the Sugar Cubes for who they are.

And the critic in me has this advice: if you thought *The Sound the Fury* was an easy read, buy (or at least tape) this album; if your idea of a good literary challenge is a Hardy Boys mystery, don't.

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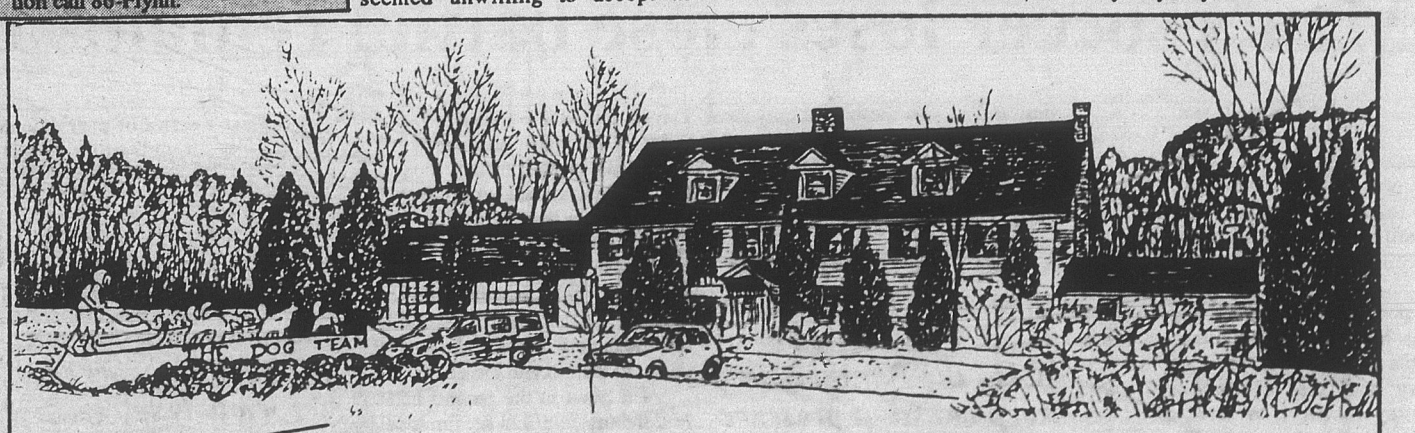

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SPORTS

The shame of boxing

By John Spellane

In recent years the sport of boxing has endured its share of criticism. Boxing's opponents have assailed the sport for its lack of safety, its allegedly close ties with organized crime, and its exploitation of the disadvantaged and undereducated young men who see the sport as their only hope for attaining wealth and stature. All these points possess some degree of truth and may merit discussion. However, there exist certain specific trends in boxing which have been unveiled lately which are disturbing in their own right.

This brings us to the problem at hand— old and fat. Gerry Cooney is both of these, and his soon to be opponent, George Foreman, is even older and fatter.

Mike Tyson is unrivaled within boxing's heavyweight division. Some may argue that Evander Holyfield is a worthy foe for Tyson, but then again, many thought Michael Spinks was also— and we all (especially pay-per-viewers) know what happened to Leon's little brother. Tyson is a machine bent on the destruction of his opponents, and until he gets old and fat he will probably remain effectively unrivaled.

This brings us to the problem at hand: old and fat. Gerry Cooney is both of these, and his soon to be opponent, George Foreman, is even older and fatter. On January 15 in Atlantic City, New Jersey, these two boxing legends will square off in what has been dubbed "The Preacher vs. The Puncher" by its promoter Bob Arum, and "The Old Geezers at Ceasars" by knowledgeable boxing fans.

It is precisely this type of fight which undermines boxing's often tenuous legitimacy. Foreman was featured in a *Sports Illustrated* article which did little for his (or *Sports Illustrated* 's) legitimacy. Foreman is 41 years old and does not belong in the ring. His motives are admired by some and understood by many, but only one look at George Foreman is necessary to form a judgment.

Gerry Cooney has suffered many setbacks in his career. Cooney tells of the management problems, family problems, and even drug and alcohol problems. Nevertheless, his biggest problem is that he is white, and thus a promoter's fantasy. Still, we shouldn't feel sorry for Gerry Cooney because of this, for he has accepted this role and made considerable money doing it. He once fought a fair fight against Larry Holmes (or at least took a lot of punches), but that was seven years ago. After seeing him lose in 1987 to the aforementioned Spinks, few would venture to say that he has improved since.

Many will remember this fight as "The Old Geezers at the Ceasars" and others, influenced by rumors that Foreman is pregnant, will recall it as "Two Men and a Baby." Overall, there is little evidence to suggest that it will go down as one of the classic boxing matches of all time. One of my contemporaries suggested that this bout would be better suited as a warm-up to an upcoming "Wrestlemania."

Many will remember this fight as "The Old Geezers at Ceasars" and others, influenced by rumors that Foreman is pregnant, will recall it as "Two Men and a Baby."

One element which has become painfully clear in recent years is that the lack of quality boxers within the heavyweight ranks has been a detriment to the sport. The worst part of this entire fiasco is that the winner of "The Preacher vs. The Puncher" will most likely face Mike Tyson. It will be at that moment that the most critical blow to the sport, and perhaps even human life itself, will be thrown.

A sport of mind over body

Panther runners fare well in recent meet

By Scott McBurney

Cross Country is not a sport for the weak of heart; in fact, most people think that it is a sport for the weak of mind. Many people ask why do we do it, why make our bodies go as fast as we can, causing great pain and some great facial expressions. This is not an easy question to answer, but I'll give it a shot.

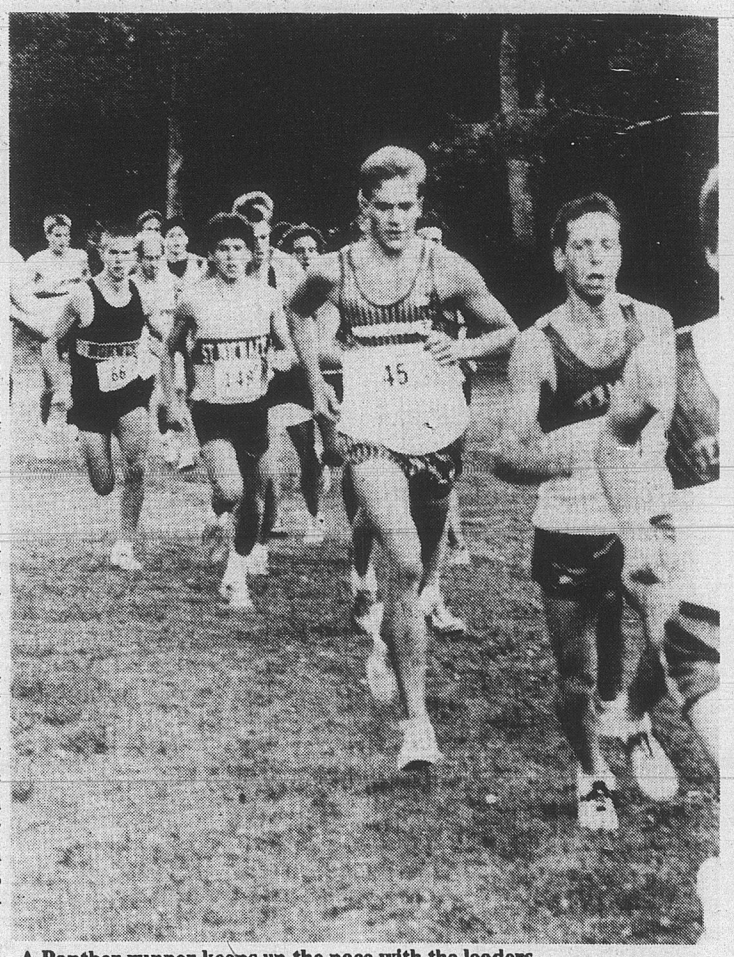
This past Friday was the Vermont State Cross Country Championship. Seven men's and five women's teams met to decide who was the best team in Vermont. The University of Vermont, being a Division One team and a large school, was considered the favorite as usual. The men were not looking to win the race, but to restore a little pride lost the previous week after a loss in their meet against Johnson State. The women were looking for more stellar personal performances and possibly a shot at U.V.M.

But, back to my answer to the aforementioned question. Before any race there are the inevitable butterflies in the stomach, it doesn't matter how important the race is, they're always there. Nevertheless, as soon as the race begins they fly away, only to be replaced by a little voice which says, "Hey, what are you doing to yourself? Slow down. What's your big hurry? This is crazy."

You must argue with this annoying voice and explain how you have to race fast, that the team is counting on you to run as fast as you can. This does little to satisfy this inner voice, but it does shut it up for a minute. It soon returns.

"O.K. how about this, on the next corner duck into the woods and hide out for a while. Tell everybody that you were kidnapped by beings from another planet who wanted to steal your brain, but luckily you were able to escape, unfortunately you couldn't finish the race. People will buy it and we can stop going at this insane pace." The brain can work in mysterious ways.

This is very tempting but once again something, call it pride, won't let you slow down no matter what the pain. When you finally cross the finish line you feel like you have really accomplished something. No matter what your ability you know that you were able to push your body to its limit. This doesn't happen every race, not even every five races, but when it does there is no feeling like it in the world. I guess it might be one form of the "runners high" to which people often refer. I run for several reasons: one, to stay in shape; two, I enjoy the company on the team; and, lastly, this "runners high" can be extremely addicting.



A Panther runner keeps up the pace with the leaders

Photo by Scott Gillespie

Cross Country is not a sport for the weak of heart; in fact, most people think that it is a sport for the weak of mind.

On Friday many individuals had great races, and the day witnessed several personal best times on our home course. Although everybody ran very well there were a few notable performances. Senior Maddy Diaz, who was not slated to place in the top seven for Middlebury, cranked out an amazing race and finished fourth for the team and ninth overall. Robbie Pederson '90, who thought he might try to run with the "big boys" of U.V.M., managed to beat all but one of these Herculean individuals, finishing second in the state.

At the close of the day, the men had beaten Johnson State, but ended up losing to St. Michael's and U.V.M. The women gave U.V.M. a scare but still finished second. Coaches Terry Aldrich and Patty Ross were both proud of their teams' performances.

So maybe most of you still don't know why the majority of us run 'till exhaustion; so maybe I didn't answer the question I so boldly posed— all I can say in response is hey, the world is full of unanswerable questions: which did come first, the chicken or the egg?

Men's soccer loses close battle; remains hopeful

By Devin O'Neill

The Middlebury men's soccer team suffered a tough loss at Amherst over the weekend, losing 1-0 to the Lord Jeffs. The game was well played by both teams and the decision could have gone either way.

The first fifteen minutes of the game yielded two good opportunities for both sides, but neither team was able to capitalize. Juniors Tom Murray and Sean Hurley used some fancy footwork to force their way into the Amherst penalty box, but were unable to put the ball in the net. This seemed to foreshadow Middlebury's fate, as they created nice chances the entire game but could not do what was needed to score. Amherst also penetrated with some dangerous opportunities, but, once again, goalie Dave Findlay '91 was equal to the task and kept the game scoreless.

With thirty minutes having ticked away in the first half, however, the Lord Jeffs capitalized on a Panther defensive mistake, as they found Dave Hosford open on the far post and he slid the ball calmly into the net. Middlebury regained their composure well, and were able to mount some attacks right up to the end of the half.

The Amherst midfield ...decided to drop into their own defensive third. This tactic enabled the Panthers to keep constant pressure on the Amherst defense, but it also clogged up the dangerous area in front of the Lord Jeff's goal.

At halftime, Middlebury coach David Saward emphasized to his players the importance of winning the battles in both penalty boxes. In the first half Middlebury played well enough to win, but as the Coach Saward pointed out, "scoring is the name of the game." The mood of the Panthers was upbeat as they came back on the field for the second half, and the feeling was that chances were still excellent to win the game.

Early on in the second half the Middlebury midfield set the tone for the rest of the game by winning every header and fifty/fifty ball. It was obvious that the Amherst midfield would not be able to compete, and they decided to drop into their own defensive third. This tactic enabled the Panthers to keep constant pressure on the Amherst defense, but it also clogged up the dangerous area in front of the Lord Jeff's goal. This made it difficult for the Middlebury offense to get solid shots on Amherst, for they were constantly outnumbered when they received the ball.

One advantage that Amherst did possess was the size of their defenders. A taller group than the Panther forwards, the Lord Jeff defenders were able to control a majority of the balls that crossed through their penalty box.

As the time on the clock dwindled down, Middlebury worked ferociously to create scoring opportunities, only to have them cleared away or to see their shots go wide of the net.

As the time on the clock dwindled down, Middlebury worked ferociously to create scoring opportunities, only to have them cleared away or to see their shots go wide of the net. Eventually the clock ran out and the game ended, leaving a frustrated Middlebury squad wishing that they could have found a way to get the ball into the Amherst net.

Although it was encouraging to see the Panthers dominate the second half so well, the final result was a bitterly disappointing defeat. Though they still have an excellent chance to make the playoffs, beating New England's fourth ranked team, Amherst, would have surely put the Panthers on the right track.

Middlebury outshot the Jeffs 12-6. David Findlay finished the game with five saves, and he once again put in a very solid performance in the net. The Panthers took on in-state rival U.V.M. last Wednesday in Burlington, and take on the feared alumni tomorrow at 11 a.m. in their annual homecoming game.

Football disappoints

Defense shines; offense fails to produce

By P. Douglas Meyer

On Saturday the Panther gridiron squad's record dropped to 0-1-1, as the offense failed to compliment a stellar performance by the defense, which allowed only three points to Amherst while on the field.

At the final gun the score of the match read Panthers 0, Lord Jeffs 10. The first half was scoreless, as both teams displayed the defensive strength they would exhibit throughout the second half as well. For Amherst, both scores followed offensive mistakes on the part of the Panther offense. In the third quarter, the Lord Jeffs blocked senior Pat Aylmer's punt deep in Panther territory. Amherst made no measurable gain against a stalwart Middlebury defense but put themselves on the scoreboard with a 28-yard field goal.

On several occasions throughout the game the defense fired up to stifle the Amherst attack on tough goal line stands, and the entire unit put forth an all-around 100% effort.

The score remained 3-0 until the final seconds of the game as the Panthers were again deep in their territory and trying to put together a successful scoring drive. A John Paterniti '90 pass was intercepted by an Amherst linebacker and returned for the touchdown and the final 10-0 lead.

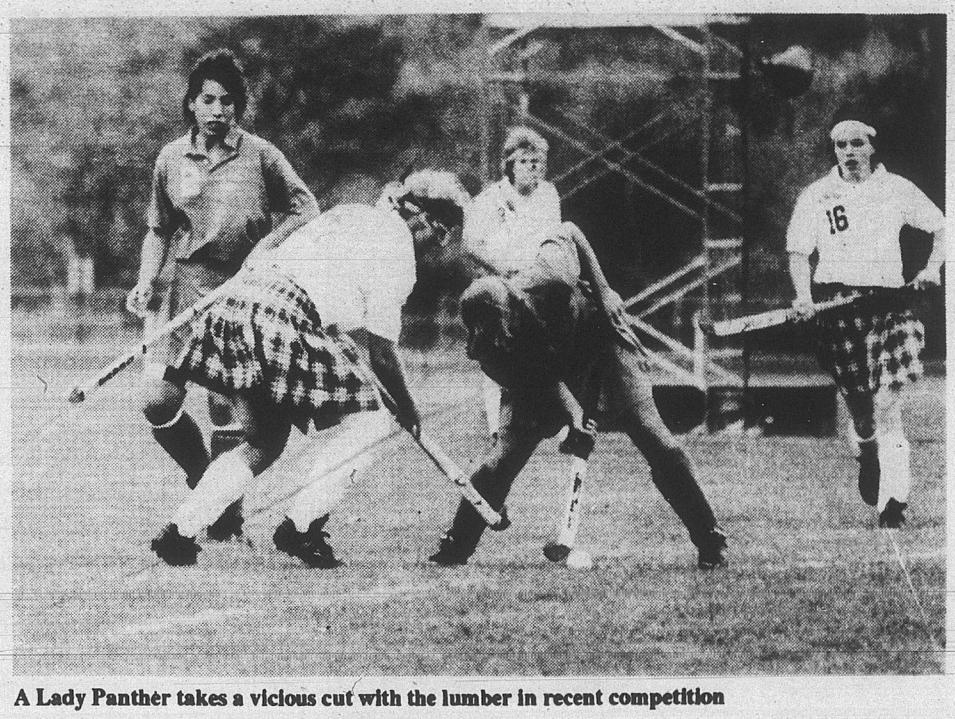
The Middlebury defense allowed the Lord Jeffs only 181 yards of offense. On several occasions throughout the game the defense fired up to stifle the Amherst attack on tough goal line stands, and the entire unit put forth an all-around 100% effort. Senior co-captain Mitch Harper continued his intense hard-hitting style of leadership, anchoring the defense at noseguard, while junior cornerback Dave Donahue intercepted two Amherst passes. Defensive end Pat Aylmer recorded two sacks, and last week's Eastern College Athletic Conference (E.C.A.C.) honor roll member Brian Dalton '91 provided tough secondary support for the run in critical situations.

Coach Mickey Heinecken summed up the offensive situation when he stated, "it was one of the most inept offensive performances I've seen from a Middlebury team in a long time"— indeed, the Panthers produced only 88 yards during the entire game. The absences of senior wide receiver Tucker Cavanaugh, as well as two offensive starters on the line, sophomore Dylan Dimock and Tim Soos '90, undoubtedly hurt the Panther attack.

The loss of these offensive lineman could be seen in the inconsistent play of the offense, which suffered many missed blocking assignments. Although Cavanaugh and Soos are probable for tomorrow's game, the Panthers must iron out the mental mistakes and concentrate on attacking the opposing defenses from the first second of play to the last. Jim Boyle, the senior offensive co-captain, had these words to say: "We will improve. Period."

Tomorrow the Panthers play a Bates team which is 0-2, and could possibly be their weakest opponent of the season. The Panther defense, which has not allowed a touchdown in seven quarters, should be expected to dominate the opposing offense for the second time in front of the home crowd. On the other side of the ball lurks an offense which has not scored a point in seven quarters. In order to secure a strong Panther homecoming victory, the offense will have to remember how to work together, erasing those mental mistakes which have hindered their progress thus far in this young campaign.

Field hockey off to a slow start



A Lady Panther takes a vicious cut with the lumber in recent competition

Photo by Mark Raskopf

By Elizabeth Shepard

Although the first six games of the season have not yet produced a win for the field hockey team, hope is not lost. One might say that this has not been the greatest way to start off a season, but it certainly hasn't been the worst.

Last Saturday at Amherst, the Lady Panthers were fighting a tough battle, and they were winning— that is, until the last 30 seconds of overtime. A fast field can do wonders for a team's offense. At the half, Amherst was ahead 1-0. Middlebury's powerful forwards— Kim Granger '90, Mary Blanchard '92, Heather Jaynes '90, and Jennifer VanNoy '90 didn't allow the score to stay that way for long. Middlebury had 26 shots and 14 corners, overpowering Amherst's mere 6 shots and 7 corners in the second half alone.

Play was exciting, and with 8 minutes left in regulation time, Middlebury was down by two goals, despite their ability to outshoot their opponents. Mary Blanchard nailed the ball into the net to pull the team back into the competition, but this would not be enough to pull out a victory. Nevertheless, not even three minutes later, a fired- up midfield answered the Lord Jeffs' call with a goal, as link Cassie Robbins '91 slammed the ball in from outside the circle to tie the game up, 2-2.

Regulation time ended with the score tied, and a 10 minute overtime began. In almost every overtime situation, tension mounts on both benches. Saturday was no exception. Both teams played hard to earn them a victory, and it was an even battle to almost the last second. With 20 seconds left to play, Amherst managed to pump in another goal, awarding them the victory. There's no doubt about it, overtime is a tough way to lose a game.

Middlebury lost a close game two goals to zero against Williams on Wednesday. Earlier this season the Lady Panthers lost to the University of Vermont and St. Michael's as well as tying Wesleyan in a close 2-2. As for the rest of the season, doors can still be opened, and hopefully Middlebury will prove their superior abilities against Hamilton this weekend.

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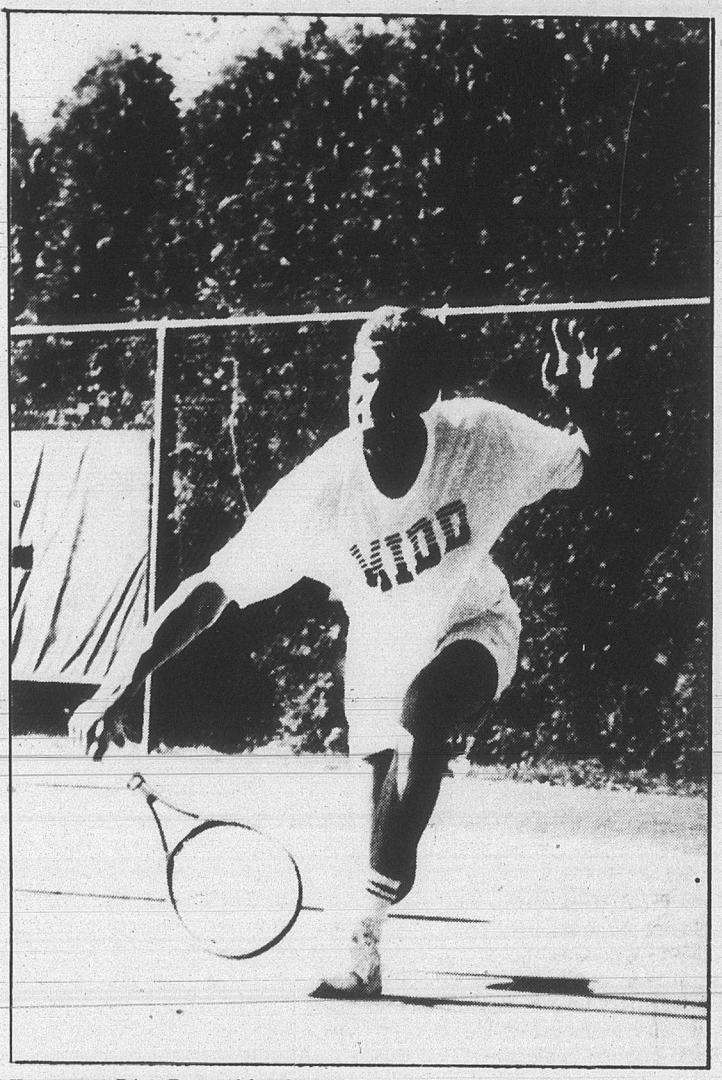
Men's tennis team plays tough for comeback win



Freshman Rich Paterniti pokes a backhand over the net
Photo by Melissa Barrett

By Mark Harris

The Middlebury men's tennis team made history last weekend. At one point during their match against Skidmore, the Panthers were down 4-0 and facing certain defeat, but the squad regrouped and came roaring back to score an amazing 5-4 victory.

The Panthers fell behind early due to the less than stellar play at the #2, #3, #4, and #6 singles positions. Arthur "Wandering Eyes" Henderson '92 jumped out to a 4-1 lead in the opening set against Bennet Lewis, the same Skidmore player he had thrashed 6-2, 6-1 just two weeks earlier at the Great Dane Invitational.

The Panther prospects for victory were fading fast, but their fate soon took a turn for the better.

Unfortunately, this time Henderson's concentration wavered and he ended up losing 7-5, 6-1. In the true spirit of the sportsmanship, Henderson spent the next hour rapping about worldly issues with his opponent. "Oh, yeah, Bennet and I had a nice talk. We discussed everything from Plato to the Reiss Family."

In another repeat match from the Great Dane Invite, Mark Harris '92 faced the infamous Peter Reiss and Family at #3. Having lost the initial confrontation two weeks ago 6-4, 7-6, Harris was looking for revenge, but he wasn't able to turn things around, and ended up losing 2-6, 6-3, 6-2.

Freshman sensation Rich "Chills" Paterniti was not his usual unstoppable self this weekend due to a freak right-armpit infection. Being the competitor he is, however, Paterniti gave it all he could, but lost 6-4, 6-1. At #6 singles, D. Jackson '91 attacked until he was red in the face, but still lost 6-3, 6-4.

The Panther prospects for victory were fading fast, but their fate soon took a turn for the better. Captain Rob Blanchard '90, in an awesome display of serve and volley power tennis, defeated the crafty Pablo Sosa in a long three set battle 6-2, 3-6, 7-5.

T. Stu "Rambo" Rauch '90 once again came through in the clutch. After a rocky start which included exchanging words with everyone from players and coaches to the fans surrounding the court, Rauch refocused his energies to pull out a three set, come from behind, victory over Adam Mills 2-6, 6-4, 7-6.

The Panthers were lucky to be facing only a 4-2 deficit heading into the doubles. Paterniti and Henderson at #2 crushed the team of Lewis and Smith 7-5, 6-1. After the match Henderson humbly admitted "It was tough out there. I mean with Paterniti's armpit problems, I *was* the team. I have to admit I am kind of pleased with the way I played though."

Blanchard and Harris at #1 faced a stiff challenge from the cunning team of Sosa and Reiss, especially considering the fact that Blanchard's right arm was so sore it was virtually useless. After losing the first set in record time, the Panther duo clawed their way back to win 2-6, 6-3, 7-5.

With the match tied up at 4-4, the weight of the tennis world was once again thrust upon the broad shoulders of the #3 team of "Stonearm" Jackson and sophomore Scott Harper. Leading 5-3 in the third, the Panther victory looked all wrapped up, but the Skidmore duo of Lubin and Mills evened the score at 5-5. Nevertheless, Jackson and Harper pulled themselves together and won the third set 7-5.

When all the excitement had died down, Coach Tracks Chapman explained, "You guys, that was one heck of a comeback. Good job. Let's hit the road."

After the three 5-4 losses the Panthers suffered last year during the spring dual meets, it was an impressive turnaround to finally come out on top in the close match.

After the three 5-4 losses the Panthers suffered last year during the spring dual meets, it was an impressive turnaround to finally come out on top in the close match.

This weekend Rob Blanchard and Mark Harris will be traveling to Swarthmore College to play in the Northeast Regional Rolex Collegiate Championships.

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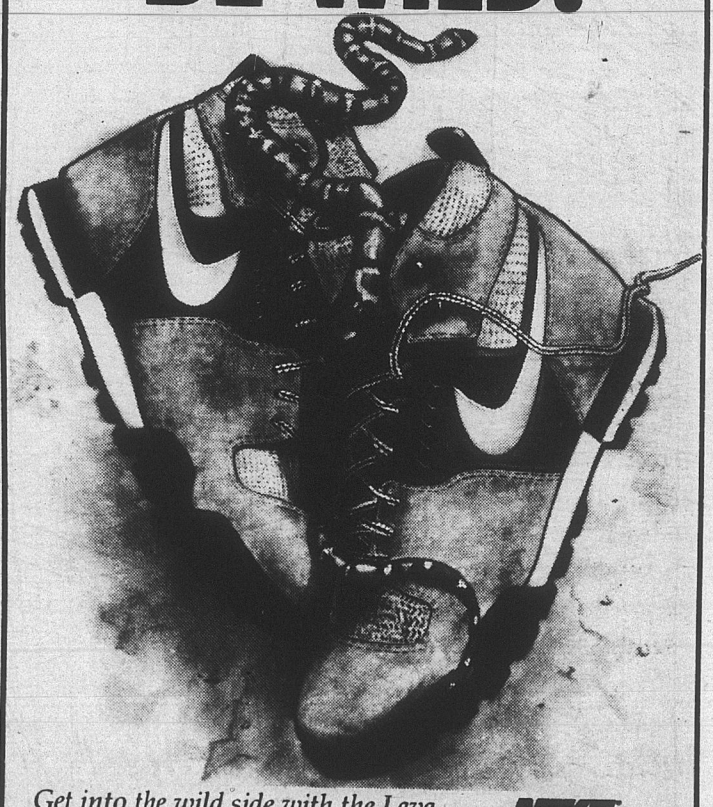

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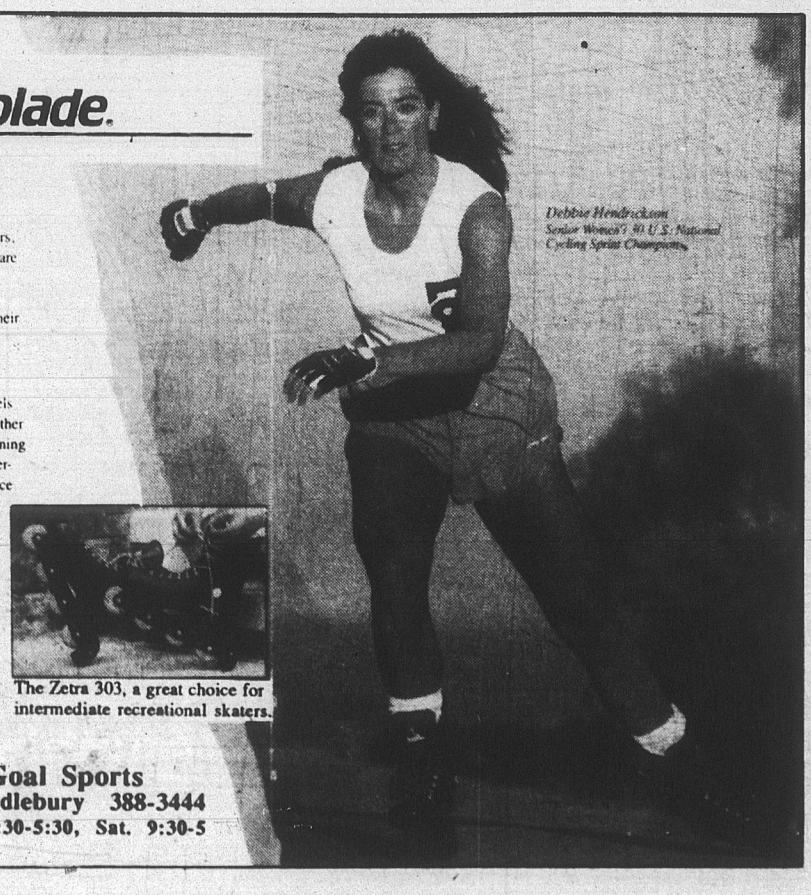

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Budget

(continued from page 5)

Frank Kelley, Director of College Residential Life, worked at the High School for twenty-three years and served as principal and assistant principal.

"People in this community have always supported education," he said. Despite escalating costs, Kelley said that the community must continue to make education a priority. "The community has to support the school system, even if it takes a big piece of their income."

Next week: possible resolutions.

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STUDENT INFORMATION

Student Teaching: For those students planning to student teach this spring semester, a completed application form is due by October 15, 1989. The application form may be picked up at the Teacher Education Program office, Twilight Hall, Room 214.

John M. Cooper, Professor of Philosophy and Chairman, Dept. of Philosophy, Princeton University, will be on campus to deliver a lecture entitled "Aristotle on Practical Reason", Thursday, October 12, 1989 at 4:15 p.m. in Twilight 201.

Women's tennis excels

Drops close match to U.V.M.

By Kathy Pryor

With three consecutive wins over Bates, Bowdoin, and St. Lawrence under their belt, the confident women's tennis team traveled to the University of Vermont on September 20th in hopes of claiming a victory over their long-time rivals. Playing late into the evening, the Panthers earned the respect of Division One U.V.M. by keeping them on their toes until the very end.

Although the Panthers were disappointed at not grabbing the victory, they were pleased with their overall performance and effort.

In singles action, Middlebury captured two of the six possible points with a win by freshman Alison Holtzapple over Amanda Kirkland, 7-6 , 6-2. Sophomore Jessica Kubek defeated Michelle Boucher, 3-6, 6-3, 6-1, for the second win.

The rest of the Panthers displayed tremendous determination, but were unable to dominate against the skillful singles play of U.V.M. Jen Barfield outplayed freshman Nancy Olson 6-4, 6-3; sophomore Mimi Warendorf fell to Tammy Azur 6-3, 6-3; Catamount Missy Daniels triumphed over junior Kathy Pryor 6-1, 7-6; and senior Crissy Meredith was outrallied by Cathy Kubeler 7-6, 6-2.

With the score 4-2 going into the doubles competition, both teams were forced to maintain their high levels of intensity. Vermont needed to win only one doubles match to close out the meet, while the Panthers needed to sweep all three. Alison Holtzapple and Jessica Kubek rolled past Uihlein and Boucher 7-5, 6-3. Nancy Olson and Kathy Pryor breezed by Azur and Kubeler 6-2, 6-2.

This evened the score at 4-4, setting the stage for an epic confrontation for the overall victory. Unfortunately, U.V.M.'s tough number one doubles team of Barfield and Shephard overpowered Cris Meredith and Mimi Warendorf 6-3, 6-4. Although the Panthers were disappointed at not grabbing the victory, they were pleased with their overall performance and effort.

Looking forward to a home court advantage, the women are prepared to battle the competitive women from Skidmore this weekend.

Golf Triumphs

By John Waldron

Having lost three key seniors from last year's team, this was supposed to be a "rebuilding year" for Middlebury golf. However, no one explained this fact to the youthful bunch of guys who were teeing it up for the first time in varsity action. This group of Jon Hanlon '93, Eric Batchelder '93 and Mark Sellon '91 has performed consistently well all year, providing a much needed depth behind returning lettermen Evan Berlin '90 and Matt Benjamin '92. This has made for a pleasantly surprising fall season to date.

Coming off a successful defense of their Vermont State Championship, the Panthers were poised and ready for a clash with Franklin Pierce. Demonstrating the skills that he has honed under coach Reilly for three years now, Evan Berlin shot a blistering 78, leading Middlebury to a satisfying victory by a score of 399-450. Hanlon, Sellon and Batchelder continued their impressive play by registering 79's in support of Berlin.

This is the first time during Reilly's twelve year tenure that Middlebury has broken the 400 barrier—this fact alone should eliminate talk of a "rebuilding year." With the way these guys have been scoring, it would not be surprising to see that milestone reached again this spring.

On October 5th the Panthers focused their energy on the Eastern College Athletic Conference qualifier. Results were not available at presstime, however. Berlin played #1, followed by Sellon, Hanlon, Benjamin, and Batchelder.

These five will try to qualify for the E.C.A.C. Championships to be held on October 14th and 15th in Long Island, New York.

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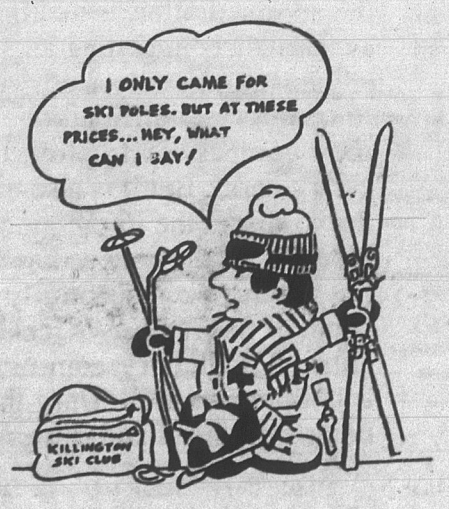

The Middlebury Campus

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"Something we were withholding made us weak
Until we found it was ourselves . . ."

—Robert Frost, *The Gift Outright*
As printed on page one of the
Middlebury College General Catalog.

Last week The Campus ran an editorial on this page respectfully petitioning the administration for sensitive information involving a case of alleged sexual harassment by a long-standing Middlebury professor. Although the case was considered closed over thirteen months ago, based on information gathered this week The Campus has reason to believe that the case was handled in a manner which may not have been most beneficial to the college community, past, present or future.

The Campus realizes that sexual harassment is an extremely sensitive issue, for all parties involved. We agree that both the accused and the accusers deserve protection, but we believe there are larger issues here that warrant wider attention.

Institutions of higher learning are unfortunately not immune to sexual harassment, a problem that pervades all of society. In recent years there have been many steps taken to combat the problem; legal precedents have been set. It is not in keeping with the times to sweep this matter under the carpet. As many similar cases have shown, denial and avoidance only make the problem worse. Present and future offenders must be shown that this kind of behavior will not be tolerated. And the c[illegible]e should send a signal to all present and potential victims that their plight will be dealt with in a fair, yet firm manner. This regrettably has not happened with the case in question.

Those administration officials The Campus has reached to date refused to comment on the case and said other officials would probably not open up either. We are dismayed by their attitude—one official went so far as to imply The Campus's interest in this story might be an exercise in ego gratification rather than in bringing an important episode to light. We are not concerned with prurient details as has been suggested; what we do want to gauge, however, is the college's commitment to the integrity of our academic community.

In the face of repeated refusals to comment on the matter the administration is making it difficult for us to do our jobs as journalists in getting all sides of the story. Silence from the administration only feeds rumor. The situation we are trying to address is a difficult one and most certainly merits the utmost compassion to protect all parties involved from unnecessary harm. But it is also one that requires the utmost in candor to dispel the impression that the college has something to hide. So far the college has explained nothing.

Again, we respectfully petition for a full and candid account of this issue. We feel the administration owes this to the entire Middlebury community—students, faculty, trustees, and alumni as well. Until this happens, our community withholds from itself and is weakened.

LETTERS

The Boxer Rebellion

To the Editor:

The Campus has its ups and downs. It doesn't always get its facts straight. It can be too biased for my liking. But it happens, right?

Still, I am concerned with what is going on with our campus newspaper. First the Rolling Rock ad—why, just tell me why; was it the money? And then, last Friday I was greeted with a picture of "Tristam Perkins '92 and friends get caught birthday-partying with pants down." What is the point of this? Couldn't something else have appeared in its place? Is there a reason why the photo was included that is just so obvious I can't see it?

The picture upset me for a number of reasons. At first, I questioned the idea of partying solely in one's boxers. The guys in the picture look pretty excited to be having their picture taken; I wonder how excited they are now that they have hit the front page in their underwear. What a way to be remembered at Middlebury; what a way to impress parents, alums and trustees, especially now that we have their riveted attention on us due to issues that have recently arisen—like social life, frats and tuition. But I am getting far too self-righteous. If a group of people on this campus wants to drop their trousers for a photo session, well, I suppose worse things have been done.

Then I wondered as to why Melissa Barrett bothered to take the picture. Surely she took it with every intention of submitting it for publication in The Campus. Why? Why waste the time, film, and money recording such a stupid event? I say this with particular emphasis because this year the Student Government Association is working itself out of debt—that is, the same SGA that funds The Campus. There must be a better way to spend the money allocated by SGA. Take a picture of President Robison. Maybe of something interesting or unique about Middlebury. But a bunch of clowns pounding brew in their scivvies [*sic*]? Come on, Melissa. Find me a college campus where that doesn't happen. You can do better.

And the whole idea of fiscal responsibility led me to wonder about Editor Paul Gould's *modus operandi*. As editor, the buck stops with him. He is supposed to act responsibly, and I do not view the photo that adorned page one as being responsible. Once again, I ask—wasn't there something else that could have gone where that photo was? I mean, there was not even an article accompanying the photo. As editor, it's Paul's job to make sure that the money is spent intelligently. And it was a stupid photo, Paul. There has to be a better way to spend the money The Campus has been given. So find it.

Jon Lenicheck '90

The Editor Replies:

Thank you for your letter. The Campus is always open to constructive criticism.

It is interesting that you do not identify yourself in your letter as the president of the Student Government Association. After all, it is you who the buck really stops with, isn't it? You are in charge of the SGA. To think that The Campus would heed your blatant imperative that we alter our spending to suit your editorial preferences would be ludicrous. I refuse to fall prey to the precedent set by Jesse Helms and the Corcoran Gallery this summer.

Whether you wrote your letter as SGA President or as a concerned student is immaterial—you know that a person and his or her post at Middlebury are one and the same.

Contrary to your ill-founded conviction, Melissa Barrett did not take the photo expressly for The Campus—she used her own film, paper and time.

Strictly by the book

By Page Walker

As we returned to school a little over two weeks ago, each one of us was greeted with a newly consolidated Directory/Handbook. Before this year, the Handbook has always been an obscure pamphlet that no one ever seemed to have after the first weeks of school. Finally, it seems that the administration got smart: they attached the Handbook to the one thing students tend to cling on to, the Directory. Now, for the most part, students have the rules and can be more informed about what they may and may not do here at Middlebury College.

Unfortunately, this is not true. For example, one Friday night a security officer entered a lounge in Voter, walked over to the keg and picked it up. When asked what she was doing she claimed that since the party was not registered it was her job to remove the keg and the tap. The hosts told her they were aware of the fact that it was unregistered and that she was entitled to remove the tap, yet she was not entitled to take the keg also. In fact, the Handbook was even opened to page 39, section E where it states that the *tap* may be removed from an unregistered party with a recovery fine of $25, not the keg. The security officer did not acknowledge this written regulation.

About an hour later another security officer arrived and the case was brought up again. She was asked why Security itself did not comply with the Handbook and quite simply responded that Security does not abide by the same rules we have in our Handbook. They have their own set: the official set. She claims that our Handbook has not been updated in years and many of the regulations are obsolete today.

It does say in the preface that there may be changes from time to time, but it says nothing about how or even when the students will be notified about these changes. If this Handbook is to any validity at all, every single student should get a correction/supplement in their mailbox immediately following the implementation of the changed or new regulation. It is a total infraction of our rights to be given a Handbook the day we get back to school, yet to find out three weeks later that it is out of date.

This situation is not, by any means, the fault of Security. They are given specific instructions from the administration to enforce the new rules, whether they are in the Handbook or not. It is the ultimate responsibility of the administration to simultaneously inform Security, as well as the students, of any regulation changes. So why don't they?

And how many other rules are out there that we just don't find out about until after the fact when Security tells us that they're sorry but it is the rule? Shouldn't we at least have a chance to know our rights so that first of all we can act accordingly, and secondly, so Security does not have to hear, "But it's not in the handbook!" a hundred times over? Perhaps many students have been fortunate enough not to run into any problems as such, but let me just warn you, the Handbook is not what you think it is.

OPINIONS

The Fat Lady's Song

Road Games

By Geoffrey T. Coffey

As the students of America have all begrudgingly trooped back to school for yet another year, the number of journeys by automobile (otherwise known as "road trips") has reached new heights. Each year in September, thousands of cars hit the highways, ferrying prep school students to their homes-away-from-home, returning parents from vacations, and transporting college students to their various places of study.

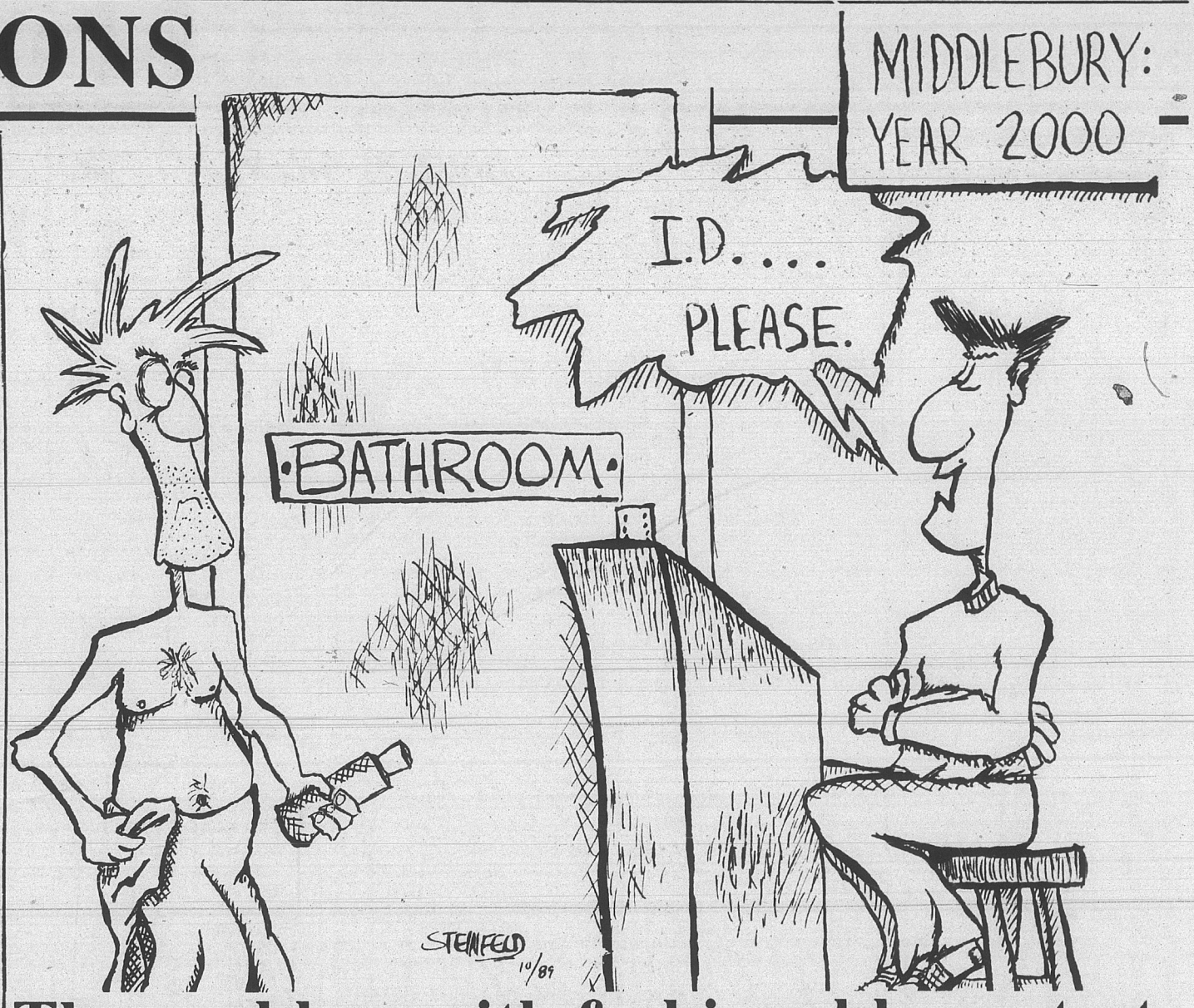
Many people dread road trips. The reason for this is simple: as children, they were forced to play silly games that their mothers had taught them. The games consisted of spotting license plates, or spelling words, or singing Broadway show tunes, and they were always singularly dull. Not only were these games boring, but they were the only form of entertainment available. There were no fun games, and any attempt to invent an amusing diversion was always quelled with a brief "Shut up and look at the scenery!"

This week's column, then, will concentrate on those games which are almost unknown to mothers, and are guaranteed to provide hours of enjoyment for all ages. The hope is to exterminate this unfounded phobia of road trips, to relieve the current generation of their excess baggage, and to inform the next generation of the multitude of enjoyment that awaits them within a moving vehicle.

Road game #1: *Linnaeus* . This game is named after the man who first began to classify animals scientifically into various categories (e.g. kingdom, phylum, class, order, family, genus, and species). Since every known living animal has already been classified, the road game "Linnaeus" concentrates on dead animals, the poor beasts which have been run over in the road. In this game, each participant must categorize every dead animal (known in Linnaeus terminology as "road meat") he sees, and must keep a running journal, entering each successive sighting. At the end of the journey, the journals are compared; whoever has classified the largest amount of road meat, and has done it in the most creative yet rigorously scientific manner, is the winner. Points are also scored for unique forms of road meat; for instance, a flattened seagull would not score very highly in a coastal California town, since they are common there, whereas a dead seagull in North Dakota would score an enormous total. Likewise, a gutted buffalo would not be impressive on a trip through Wyoming, whereas it *would* be impressive if found in the middle of Proctor terrace.

Road game #2: *God* . "God" is simply an advanced version of "Linnaeus." In God, the only eligible participants are actual drivers (which makes it a good game for caravans or single road-trippers). The rules are the same as those of Linnaeus, except that the only road meat which may be entered in the participant's journal is that which he himself has created. In other words, the player must actively drive over and squash an animal in order to be

(continued on page 20)



The problem with fashionable protest

By Steve Merrill

Union College in Schenectady, New York, has recently worked some bugs out of its system. Until late last year, Union proceeded as most colleges do nowadays—without a shred of controversy. But student attention began to focus on a newly formed political organization, and suddenly Union's perenially serene disposition began to reveal its stormier part. Students wrote to the *Concordiensis*, the campus newspaper, articulating very elaborate political philosophies and accusing peers of a variety of "politically subversive" activities. Early this year, a student re-introduced the conflict in the *Concordiensis*, hoping that the hostility had disappeared, and the students could now pursue a political identity in a more constructive manner, but the article has yet to provoke any real discussion. Whatever stirred Union last year is forgotten, and the campus is once again happy.

"If the 'tuition increase' example didn't convince you that college students substitute short-sighted political commitment, I can point to a few others."

What happened at Union says something about Middlebury, and is in two ways typical of the nation's campuses in general. First, the conflict, with all its manifest politicism and bad will, suggests that today's students are not apathetic. Of course, we could well say that that the average student of the 1980s is only jolted from apathy when his or her career is threatened; one Union student disparaged the new (and somewhat "liberal") organization on the grounds that it associated Union with "a radical element," and therefore "jeopardized students' futures."

But what emerged through all the bickering were sincere and well-thought-out political positions; during the debate students approached national issues from both "liberal" and "conservative" angles, arguing with a good deal of political insight.

Secondly, the casual, and somewhat evasive resolution of the conflict proves that if today's students aren't "apathetic," they aren't wholly committed either. In the end, Union's heated discussion amounted to little more than a political catharsis—students held political opinions and felt obligated to express them, but they couldn't sustain that level of political consciousness. When fall semester came around, Union's students thought it better to avoid the whole mess.

The same binge and bust political activism holds true at Middlebury. We need only look so far back as last Spring ourselves for a basis of comparison. Students had just received the news, remember, that Middlebury's tuition had increased an unprecedented 11.7 percent. The initial reaction was a mixture of awe and anger, which in turn became outright defiance. The primary motivation for picketing Old Chapel was economic, I think, but a significant secondary motivation was politically and socially oriented; more than a few students expressed the opinion that a market-blind tuition increase was a form of socio-educational disenfranchisement. This summer, Middlebury College was named in a collusion suit brought by the national government, but "disenfranchisement" proponents either missed its obvious application to their argument, or were just tired of the struggle. This year there is no picketing, and as far as I can tell no real campus discussion. My apologies to Rob Gray and the handful of students who have pursued the issue.

If the "tuition increase" example didn't convince you that college students substitute short-sighted political activism for long-term political commitment, I can point to a few others. I think it was last year, or perhaps the year before, when a member of the Black Student Union accused Middlebury's students of "unconscious racism." The topic evoked a good deal of discussion, and once again proved that Middlebury's students felt and knew a lot about America's social inequalities. But eventually the debate simmered down, and you don't hear about it any more. Not long before that, Middlebury's students fought a long battle to divest college money from the South African regime. Students gained a victory when money was withdrawn in 1985. Since that time, South Africa has frequently imposed martial law to crush consolidated black strikes and marches, yet the "apartheid" issue is a dead one on campus.

Most tellingly, there is not a single weekly or bi-weekly newspaper, or even a part of a newspaper, whose purpose is to provoke campus-wide political discussion, nor is there an appropriate number of campus organizations that deal with the world's political crises. And while groups like Act Now, the Armadillos,

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Amnesty International and the BSU are undoubtedly committed, the participation is limited—often to only a few students. Last year the college's principal "political parties," the Democrats and the Republicans, released one issue each (or at least I received only one), and it took a national presidential election to elicit it. I have yet to see any kind of publication from the campus socialists.

The question remains: why the tendency to give up on important political and social issues? In a book titled *Social Power and Political Freedom*, author Gene Sharp suggests that today's youth suffer from a kind of "political impotence." Certain that the world around them is hopelessly complex, young Americans exhibit symptoms of "powerlessness"—a vague feeling that the days of the American Individual has long since passed. A provocative argument, but we need something to substantiate it.

Which takes me back to Union—the new political organization on campus was called SPAA, which stands for Students for Political Awareness and Activism. SPAA supported human rights causes and was very active in the local community. Anyway, near the end of last year, a female student at Union wrote a long article to a paper called *The Sentinel* and voiced her disapproval of SPAA; she began the article by saying that "liberalism is running rampant at Union College," and later criticized SPAA specifically for its commitment to a nutritional program called WIC, an organization which provides food to poor working mothers and their children. The student writes: "SPAA has come out in favor of the WIC program, which is basically a welfare program. And of course we know that the issue of human rights is inherently liberal."

The most interesting thing about this statement is the phrase "inherently liberal;" there is, of course, no such thing as an issue that is "*inherently* liberal." "Liberalness" and "conservativeness" are relative measures. But for this Union College student, I think, the world is so hopelessly polarized that the political world is divided into spheres of black and white—all forms of political action are either "inherently liberal," in which case they should be suppressed, or "inherently conservative," in which case they should be allowed to flourish.

This vision of the world undermines the power of the individual by suggesting that he or she cannot apply his or her reasoning abilities to problems and come up with original solutions; rather all issues are "inherently" solved by their own inner logic—"human rights issues" are simply not to be discussed or reasoned out since they are all "inherently liberal," etc.

The author of the article went on to say that SPAA was guilty of "sentimentalism" and "useless emotionalism" not because SPAA's members were found crying in the streets, mind you, but simply because SPAA *believed they could change the course of events and work significant political change*. That was, literally, her argument, and I think it says a lot about our entire generation.

Doonesbury

BY GARRY TRUDEAU

BOOPSIE... B.D.! HI, MIKEY!
I GOT THE TRUMP JOB! WE'RE IN TOWN TO SHOOT THE PILOT!
I THOUGHT WE'D STAY WITH YOU! UNLESS, OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE ANY ROOM! UH...
DON'T BE SILLY!
10-2
YEAH, THIS IS BARBARA ANN BOOPSTEIN'S PERSONAL MANAGER! WE STILL HAVEN'T GOT THE SCRIPT FOR THE "TRUMP CARD" PILOT TODAY! WHAT GIVES?
I KNOW SHE DOESN'T HAVE ANY LINES, BUT WE NEED TO SEE IT! WHAT? HOW'S SHE GETTING TO THE STUDIO? I'LL TELL YOU HOW SHE'S GETTING TO THE STUDIO!
10-3
SHE'S GETTING THERE IN A WHITE STRETCH LIMO WITH TWO CELLULAR PHONES, A VCR AND A WET BAR, AS PER HER CONTRACT—THAT'S HOW SHE'S GETTING THERE! CAPICHE?
OR I COULD JUST HOP ON THE SUBWAY.
RIGHT, THE "D" TRAIN!
BOOPSIE! IF YOU DON'T COP AN ATTITUDE, THEY DON'T RESPECT YOU!
B.D., THIS IS JOEL DAVIS, MY DIRECTOR ON THE...
MISS BOOPSTEIN WILL NEED A REST BEFORE REHEARSAL! WHERE'S HER DRESSING ROOM?
UH... IT'S UPSTAIRS.
IS THE PERRIER UP THERE? THE CHARDONNAY? THE FRESH-CUT ORCHIDS FROM HAWAII? AND WHAT ABOUT HER MAKEUP ARTIST FROM L.A.? IS SHE HERE?
I'D HAVE TO CHECK...
10-4
YOU DO THAT, AND WHILE... OH, MY GOD! WHAT'S THIS?
YOU CALL THIS A DRESSING ROOM? IT LOOKS LIKE A BROOM CLOSET!
UH... IT IS A BROOM CLOSET.
FIRST-DAY JITTERS.
TRUMP! ARE YOU OUT THERE? WHAT KIND OF AMATEUR HOUR ARE YOU RUNNING HERE, ANYWAY?
B.D., PLEASE...
OUR CONTRACT SPECIFICALLY SAYS A WHITE LIMO WITH CHILLED '83 MOET ON BOARD, NOT LUKEWARM '85!
10-5
THIS IS SO EMBARRASSING...
WELL, I'VE HAD IT! I SWEAR TO GOD, WE'RE THIS CLOSE TO WALKING! HEAR ME?
SHOULD WE BRING IN THE BACKUP BIMBO?
NO, I LIKE THIS GUY. HE'S LIKE ME.
MR. TRUMP, I'M TELLING YOU, THIS GIRL'S MANAGER COULD CAUSE US REAL PROBLEMS. HE COULD REALLY HOLD US UP.
HMM... MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT.
OKAY, GET ME ANOTHER BROAD. BUT I WANT A CLASS ACT, THE ABSOLUTE BEST! SOMEONE LIKE THAT CHICK WHO DOES ALL THE ACCENTS!
10-6
UH... MERYL STREEP?
YEAH, HER. HAVE HER COME IN.
YOU WANT MERYL STREEP TO BE A GAME-SHOW HOSTESS?
NOT SURE. I'D HAVE TO SEE HER IN COSTUME FIRST.
HEY, GUYS! HOW'D THE REHEARSAL GO?
DON'T ASK.
I GOT CANNED! BECAUSE OF MY STUPID MANAGER!
AW, C'MON, BOOPSIE, YOU GOTTA STAND UP TO THOSE GUYS! OTHERWISE, THEY OWN YOU! DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL STILL BE A STAR ONE DAY...
10-7
I DON'T WANT TO BE A STAR! YOU'VE RUINED IT FOR ME! I JUST WANT TO MELT BACK INTO THE CROWD!
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, BOOPSIE... BOOPSIE?
SHE BLOND? YEA HIGH? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER EITHER!

Fat Lady

(continued from page 19)

allowed to classify it. The difficulty of this game lies in the actual creation of road meat, and also in the act of writing an entry while simultaneously keeping an eye on the road.

Road game #3: *Genarian Annoyance* . This is a good game for road trips which include long stretches of driving time through such states as Kansas, Nevada, or South Dakota, or anywhere else on a two-lane highway with disappointing scenery. To play Genarian Annoyance, you must first locate a mobile home, a car pulling a trailer, or any other large vehicle carrying two or more old people. A good way to spot a genarian-occupied vehicle is to look for the "Good Sam Club" sticker on the back. In any case, once you have found your marks, you must get in front of them and then slowly decelerate your car, without touching the brakes (i.e. just take your foot off the gas), until you are traveling between twenty and twenty-five miles per hour. After a few minutes of following you at this ridiculous pace, the genarians will become annoyed, and will try to pass you in the opposite lane (that is, when there isn't a car coming). At this point, you must tromp on the gas pedal, pushing your car to maximum acceleration and guaranteeing that the larger vehicle will not be able to get past you. Even if you cannot outrun the R.V., you should at least be able to keep neck-and-neck with it, and eventually the other driver will become so terrified of racing along in the oncoming-traffic lane that he will give in and slide behind you once more. Once he is safely behind you, take your foot off the gas again, slow down to 20 MPH, and repeat the entire performance. The advantage of this game is that it can be played for hours; genarians are the preferred targets because they usually exhibit the most amusing facial expressions, and because they are generally not willing to go 120 MPH in the oncoming-traffic lane in order to pass you, as might a younger driver.

Road game #4: *The Egg Toss* . This game is illegal in every state, which makes it perfect for young children who are driving with their parents. To play The Egg Toss, one must first get hold of an egg (or a dozen, if the game is expected to last that long). The acquisition of eggs generally proves to be the most difficult aspect for children, although the ingenuity of those little buggers never fails to astonish. Regardless, once an egg is in hand, the player must wait for a car to come by in the opposite direction. At just the right moment, the player must surreptitiously toss the egg out his window so that it explodes against the other car—windshield shots are the most highly coveted, although getting the egg through the other car's open window always scores extremely well. The throw must be surreptitious so that the other car doesn't see it coming, and (in the case of young children) so that mom doesn't see it either. The hope is that the driver of the other car will be furious, but will be unable to stop and turn around in time to catch the egg tosser. This game may be repeated until an egged car finally *does* catch up to the player, at which point the game is officially over.

Happy motoring!